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HIGH TIMES

OCTOBER 1983

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"R"

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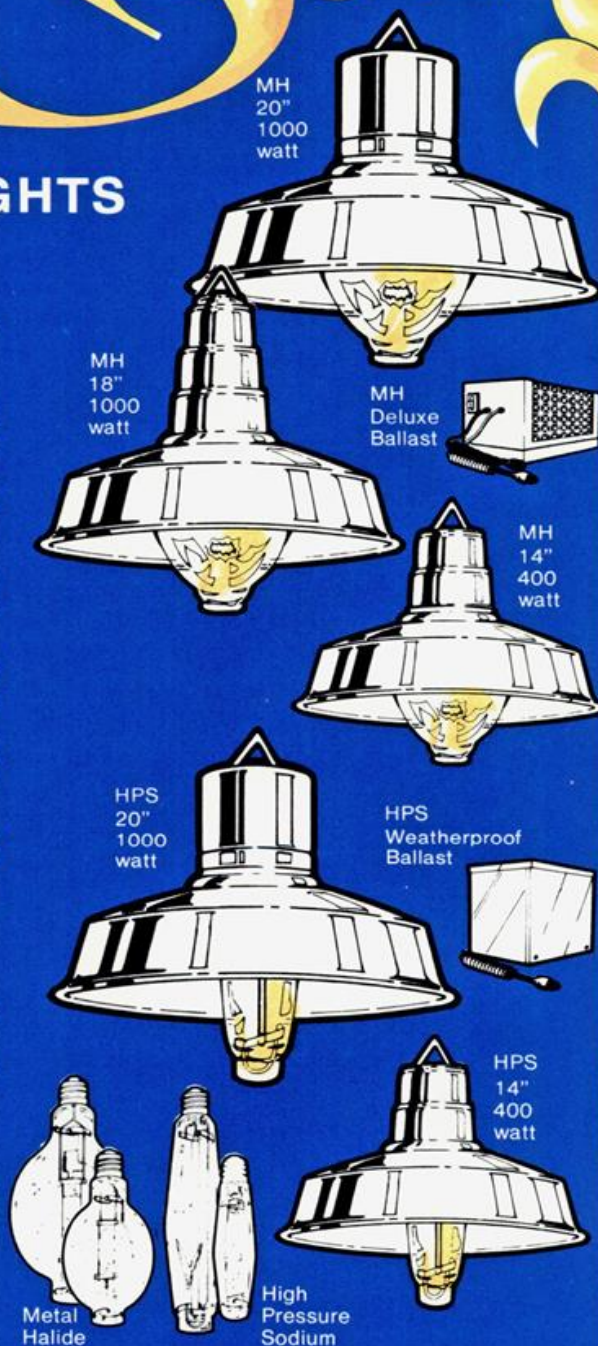
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HIGH TIMES

No. 98 October '83

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

Interview: Antidope, Inc., A Symposium by Dean Latimer

This past summer HIGH TIMES played host to a symposium on the politics and proliferation of heroin among the countries of western Europe. In attendance were members of various alternative European political coalitions representing France, England, Denmark and West Germany. Throughout the day-long session, as ideas and information were exchanged with their American counterparts, the picture began to emerge of an enforcement system so rife with corruption as to make any *real* progress in the suppression of the heroin trade nearly impossible

32

Grow American: This Bud's for Brew by Ed Rosenthal

Marijuana beer has been around for a number of years now, and as it gets more popular, people begin experimenting with various types of brews and pot, trying to create a concoction that's just right for them. At this point we figured it was time to talk to the man who first perfected the Hi-Brew process, just so's to keep things in perspective. "I was never really interested in brewing, myself," says the Unknown Brewer, "I just hated to see good leaf go to waste."

37

The Peashooter Perplex, Part III by Dean Latimer

In this, the final installment of our Executive Almighty Editor's mammoth investigation into the legal speed industry, we are treated to the spectacle of the FDA's great "Triple Combination" scare—a clumsy attempt to throw the nation into a hysterical fit over a bunch of caffeine pills. Then we're taken through the birth, growth and enormous profit-making capacity of a model peashooter company and shown how, with a minimum of risk and effort, we too could be dipping our bread in the OTC gravy—until the bottom drops out of the market, that is

45

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

De Lorean Left out in the Cold . . . High Court Leaves "Exclusionary Rule" Intact . . . Boutwell Defendants Sentenced . . . Dow Yanks Pregnancy Potion off Market . . . Pot Seeds Found in Mini-Wheats . . . City Attorney in L.A. Orders Booze Dealers to Act as Cops . . . Piss-Test Prohibited for Atlanta Parolees . . .

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40 Indica Madness by "R"

"In view of the utterly alarming crisis on the domestic scene, I am hereby suspending this year's entire domestic-category dope awards. Furthermore, I am calling on growers all over the United States to stop planting any indica or indica-blend seeds for an entire season, so that we, the mass of American ganja smokers, can get some perspective on the plague of uselessly stupefying sinsemilla that's being force-fed into our heads." What's gnawing at the Connoisseur's colas?



49 Centerfold: Postcard from Palenque

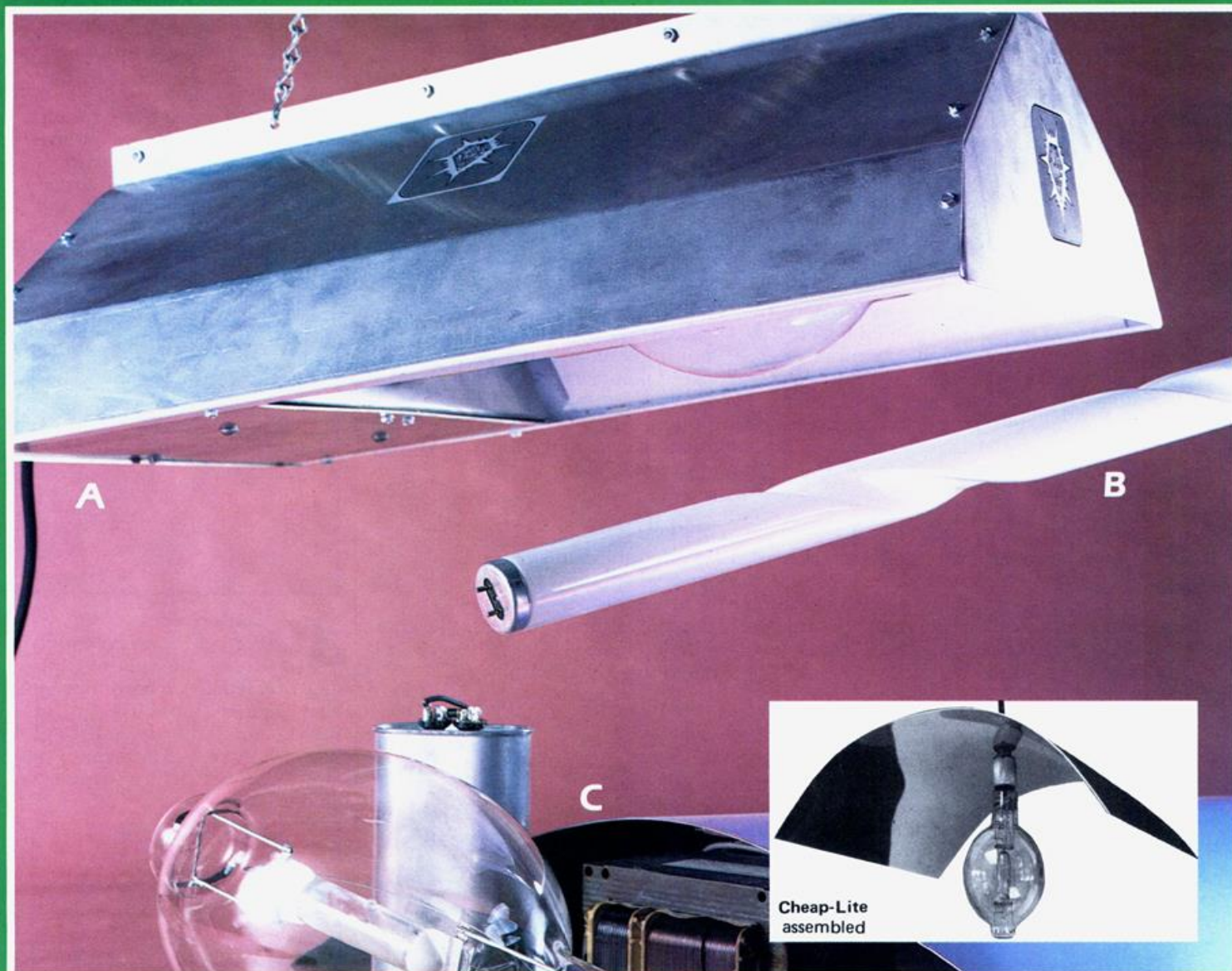
From the steamy jungles of Chiapas, where they've been sacred since time out of mind, come the delicate and psychically phosphorescent *Psilocybe cubensis*. In them mystery abides.



54 The Five Strangest Places in America by James Boylan

"America the beautiful . . ." is how the song goes—but America the totally bizarre seems a lot nearer the truth. At least that's the impression our author got after traveling up and down this wonderful land of ours, coming up against towering oddball chunks of American eccentricity, such as the World's Largest Chicken, the Museum for Retired Ventriloquist Dummies, the Skunk Club—you get the picture. There's a great big weird world out there, and who better to be running guided tours than yours truly.

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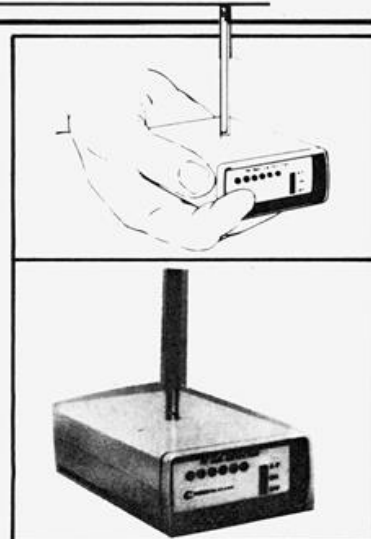
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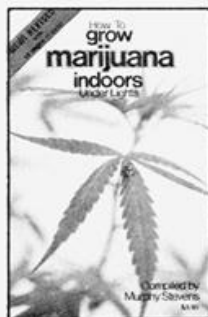
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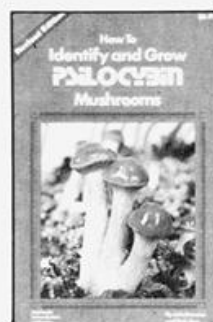
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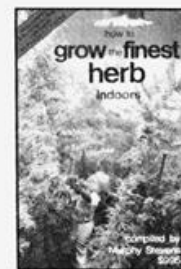
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by Kayo
Written for the curious as well as the experienced, this technique tells how fewer plants in smaller pots can yield more cannabis of higher quality. The book includes photographs and illustrations. **HTB/30** \$11.95

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by Jule Stevens and Rich Gee
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Racist Madness

Editor:

Your interview with Roger Davis in the July '83 issue was powerful stuff. Among the many conclusions I drew from the piece, was that it was racism more than reefer madness that got Davis 40 years in jail for less than a half-pound of pot. A long time ago a friend of mine told me that "a black man's got but two rights in this country, a right arm and a right leg." Thirty years later and things haven't changed all that much.

—T. Roberts
Seattle, Wash.

For God and Agriculture

Editor:

Thank God for "Grow American." Finally, a place where I can go for information on fundamental growing questions. If you only knew how many different answers I got when I asked people what's the most accurate and earliest way to tell male plants from female plants. Your July column, "Sexing for Sinsemilla," couldn't have come at a better time. Congratulations to Ed Rosenthal for keeping the writing simple and to the point.

—A. Davenport
Chicago, Ill.

Great Strides in Nebraska

Editor:

Just wanted to drop you a line and let you know that your mag is reaching clear out to the middle of Nebraska. Three or four years ago, when I first started growing my own pot, I knew of no one else trying it. Now, thanks to the help of your Grow American column and your other fine cultivation articles, there are about 15–20 people with their own greenhouses. We're even into crossbreeding and hybrid dope.

—Friend and avid reader
Somewhere in Nebr.

Devaluing the Nickel

Editor:

Your August issue contained a letter that sung the praises of the "nickel bag." More specifically, the letter-writer focused his attention on the persons who sell the stuff on the streets of New York ("enterprising

street-level capitalists" is what he called them). Well, I too am a resident of New York City, and having been forced on occasion to cop from these jerks, I can say flat out that the pot you score from the "loose-joint boys" ain't worth the paper it's rolled in. I don't know where in the world this guy's been scoring his five joints of "workingman's Colombian" from, but it's not around any of the neighborhoods I've ever lived in. And, by the way, why are street-level capitalists any less loathsome than corporate fat cats—they'd both screw you six-ways-to-Sunday if given half a chance.

—R. Johnson
New York, N.Y.

The More Things Change...

Editor:

You've mentioned more than a few times how the '80s are leaning toward a revival of the '60s—I agree! I had no stash one morning, and by dinnertime I had some luscious Colombo buds, smooth-smoking hash, sparkling coke and a friend's personal blend of processed marijuana and opium. Just like the good old days!

—Pleased in Indiana



If You Lived Here, You'd Be Stoned Now

Editor:

During a recent change of address, I had the opportunity to review the photographs that I have taken and collected for the past several years. When I came upon the image of the street signs POTHOUSE AL. and N. HIGH ST. (a unique juxtaposition I discovered in the Fells Point area of Baltimore several years ago), I thought of your magazine.

—William Kinsley, Jr.
Pikesville, Md.

Thanks for the thought, Bill.—Ed.



Biding His Time

Editor:

Here are some of the best Colombian buds I've grown indoors in years. Your last March issue's cover was the most appropriate backdrop for it to be displayed on. In case you're wondering, it wound up tasting just as good as it looks. Sorry, but I didn't think it would be a good idea to send you a sample. When it becomes legal I plan to build a greenhouse and grow the best weed in the entire world. If you don't believe me just wait and see.

—John
Address withheld

And It Keeps Away Bees, Too

Editor:

Re: "Take Feverfew for Fast Relief" ["Highwitness News," July '83]:

Feverfew is *Chrysanthemum parthenium* (Aster family) aka febrifuge plant, "bachelor's button" not *Centaurea cyanus* (composite family) aka cornflower, "bachelor's button," blue bonnet, blue bottle, blue centaury, cyani. Unfortunately, a number of herbs are known as bachelor's button.

In your article, you pictured feverfew (*Chrysanthemum parthenium*) and described it and its properties, but referred to it as *Centaurea cyanus*, better known as cornflower, which is also used as a tonic and for dyspepsia and sometimes locally as an eyewash.

Feverfew as a warm infusion (one heaping teaspoon steeped in a cup, covered, of boiling water for five to 30 minutes) is useful for colic, flatu-

lence, eructations, indigestion, colds and alcoholic d.t.'s. To get the tonic effect, use a cold extract by letting about two heaping teaspoons of the herb stand in cold water about 10 hours. Alcohol extracts its principles better. If there's no dispensing-alcohol handy, use vodka.

The known active principles of feverfew are believed to be panthenolide, santamarin and pyrethrins. If it does indeed contain the pyrethrin then it might cause allergic reactions in sensitive people though no toxic reports are available. It would be wise for pregnant women to avoid it since the dried flowers have been used to bring about abortion. It's an insecticide that is particularly noxious to bees. Carrying some of it with you seems to keep bees at a distance.

Since the flowers have a purgative effect, which may account for its usefulness in autotoxic diseases like rheumatism and arthritis, it may be necessary for one to recover from a migraine on the john.

—H. Thomas Cottes
La Jolla, Calif.



Intimations Of...

Editor:
Trailing clouds of seedling glory, the above sprouted from my window box two days before this picture was taken. That was a long time ago, and I've since smoked this particular plant—but I'll always remember the days of splendor with this grass.

—The Recluse
Bangor, Maine

Williams's Freak

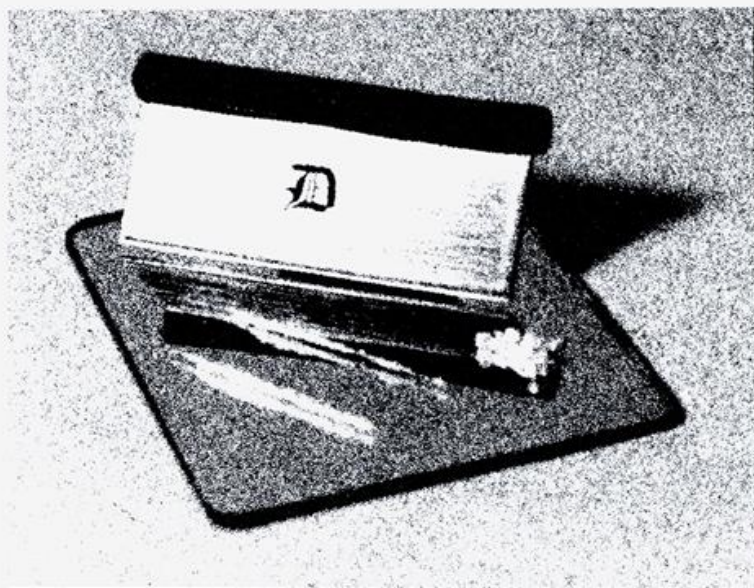
Editor:
Thanks a bunch for "A Robert Williams Portfolio" [HIGH TIMES, July '83]. I've been a fan of Williams's "lowbrow art" ever since his days as a hired brush for Big Daddy Roth. Your spread did justice to one of the unsung heroes of underground comix. More spreads featuring the work of other underground artists would be greatly appreciated.

—Jeff Arnold
Boston, Mass.

Town without Pity

Editor:
I have just received the July '83 issue of HIGH TIMES and read with much sadness of the legal (and political?) plight of Mr. Roger Davis, serving 40 years in a Wytheville, Virginia, work farm. I myself am a native of Virginia and know firsthand of the super-conservative "do-gooders" who maintain a stronghold over the populaces of

/ continued on page 14



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For those of you too young to remember, watching Gumby cartoons back in the late '50s was about as far out as an eight-year-old could get. Besides looking weirder than hell, Gumby and his pal, Pokey, would make strange squishing sounds whenever they walked; and they *moved* real crazy, kinda like they had no bones in their bodies and were walking underwater. Plus, Gumby was a greenish, mutant-looking type of thing that spoke with the voice of a little boy. Is that intense, or what?

Now you can get the original Gumby and Pokey for \$3.75 each, plus 85¢ postage. Just send your name, address, check or money order to: Unknown Plastic Products, Inc., P.O. Box 225-H, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, NY 11230.



Peter Hudson

When Medication Was Fun

They're called "The New Collectibles"—drug antiques and memorabilia from a long time past, when there were no legal controls on preparations containing marijuana, cocaine, opium or any other drug. In those days just about anything and everything could be purchased over the counter from your neighborhood green-grocer or apothecary.

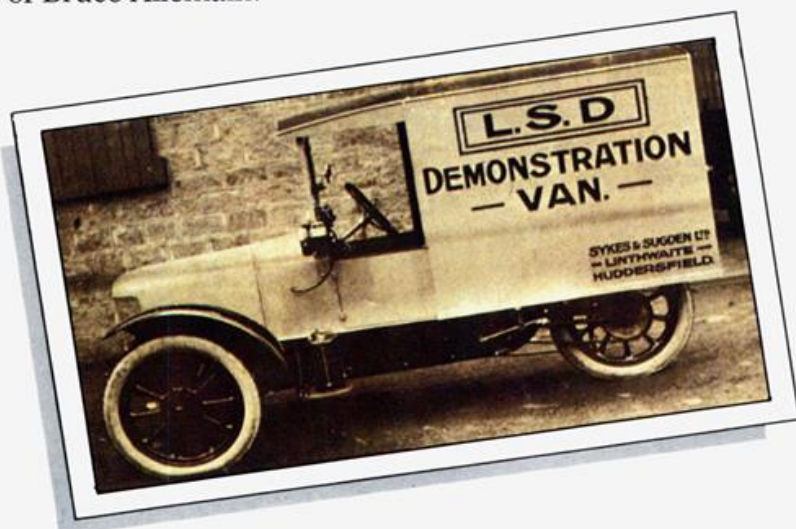
"Half-dozen heroin suppositories? Coming right up, Mrs. Brown. Will that be to go or do you want to insert them here?"

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"May I speak to the head of the house?"

Here's a quick flashback to an earlier time, when acid guides rode around in clearly marked three-wheeled carts soliciting housewives and day-trippers door to door. Photo courtesy of Bruce Allemain.



E.T., Fuck Off—

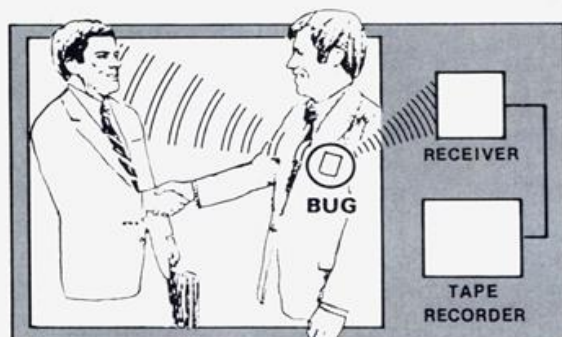
That's the sentiment of a small group of NYC underground artists who designed a satirical T-shirt depicting two hands touching in the manner of Michelangelo's *The Creation of Adam*. Only this time, the bottom hand had its *middle* finger extended heavenwards, and the initials F.U. graced the lower left-hand corner of the shirt.

Well, E.T.'s home, Universal Studios and its merchandising arm, MCA, took offense and slapped Fritz and Linda Thorner, the artists, with a large suit. The case is still pending in Eastern District Federal Court. Seems that Universal Studios feels the F.U. T-shirt infringes on their copyright and trademark, depicting such in "a disgusting manner."

"The only thing that's disgusting is that a tiny group of artists who are trying to make a living in the free-enterprise tradition are being squashed by a megabucks merchandising corporation," the Thorners rejoin.

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Peter Hudson

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Jerry Cooper

Popped in Apopka

Regardless of how it looks, police officers in Apopka, Florida, have *not* begun peddling pot and paraphernalia from the back of their RVs. What they *are* doing is setting up these drug-prevention displays (this one's from the Foliage and Art Show—Apopka bills itself as the "Foliage Capital of the World," by the way) in hopes of alerting parents to the early warning signals of drug abuse, and, judging from that ugly green bong, bad taste.

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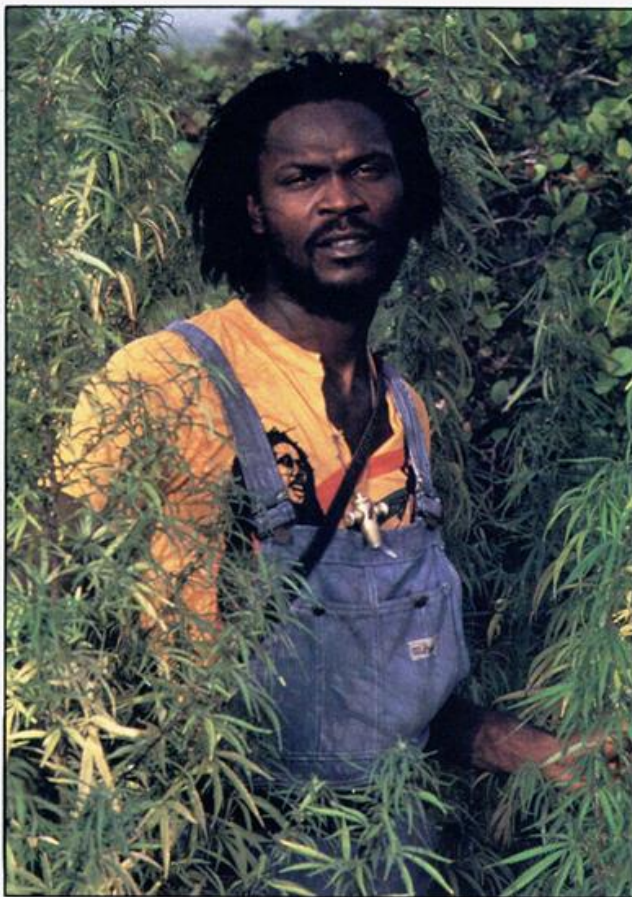
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"They try to repress herb because they like to see people drunk and stupid... Anything that's progressive and makes you think, the system will repress." So says singer-songwriter Bankie Banx, shown here with his favorite plant. Banx, who's a native of Anguilla, a little island in the eastern Caribbean, is about the hottest thing on vinyl in that part of the world. He's had a bunch of number-one singles and albums, and has just begun to break here in the States. His latest record, *Soothe Your Soul*, contains the much publicized "Remember Bob," a seven-minute tribute to Bob Marley. But there's more to Banx's sound than those hypnoid Jamaica riddims, "Sure there is reggae in my music. But there's rock, country and a little jazz in there too." Irie, mon, with a bullet.



Catherine Strauss

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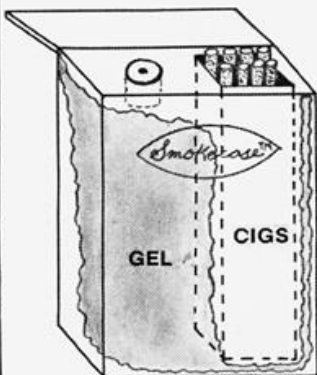
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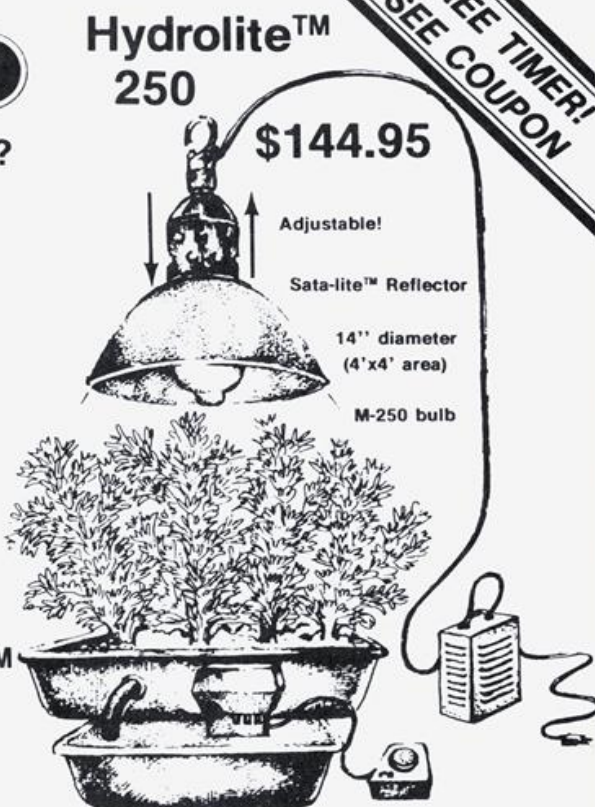


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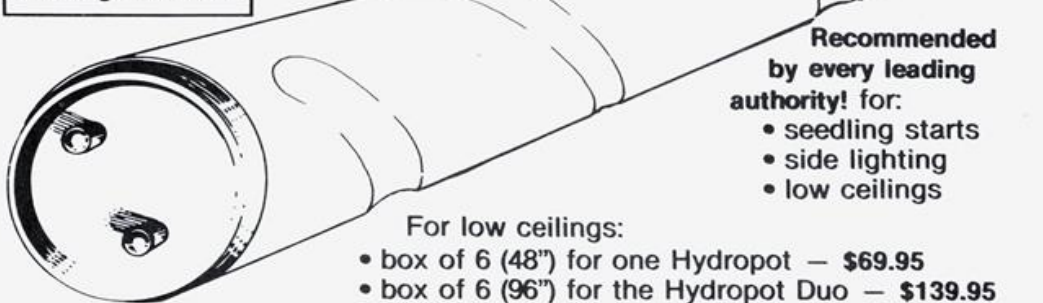
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LETTERS

/ continued from page 8

"small-town" Virginia. It is heartening to know that HIGH TIMES has championed the Davis cause and that there are still a few good people left in the smaller communities of Virginia who are willing to speak out for the unfortunates who've become victims of the small-town power structure.

—T.H.

Woodstock, Va.

Culture Hero Club

Editor:

Word for word, my "old man" and I read your '60s issue side by side *enthusiastically*—until we came upon your parody of Crosby, Stills and Nash on page 75. Since we can say that David is a "personal friend of mine" (a la Steve Martin), we were disgusted once again by the slanting of truth by so-called enlightened (once described as "underground") journalism.

David is the only one of the three to have any of the problems you allude to in your mockery—in the '60s your accusations would have been considered conspiratorial. Those were the days of true love and peace (unless of course everyone was just joking) and at the least, the attempt of understanding. Now it is high gloss and hypersales. Given the name of your publication, how could you be so cruel to one of your own—one of those whose great talent, fame and visibility gave rise to *our* ability to express and portray our alternative culture so well that the "establishment" would accept us to the point of translating our music into *musak*? (I put these sayings in quotes, etc., because I'm not certain that the slick '80s people understand their true meanings.)

We are extremely disappointed, HIGH TIMES, in your hypocrisy. Your review of the best music of the '60s so shockingly omitted the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, the Hollies—the many groups that expressed so lyrically the ideals that David Crosby, Steven Stills and Graham Nash were a part of, ideals that they continue to hold to today with their music. Perhaps you aren't old enough to really know this impressive and unique era of history. Even today, "You who are on the road," (aka *Teach Your Children*) causes people to smile, join in and *Carry On*. These three

musicians are the American Beatles. So many of their songs are now undisputed classics.

Did it ever occur to you that instead of putting down the culture heroes we once so loved (remember Woodstock?) that you could make them feel better instead of worse? Loved, instead of persecuted even by their supposed empathetic peers?

—Sharon Penelope Jones
New York, N.Y.

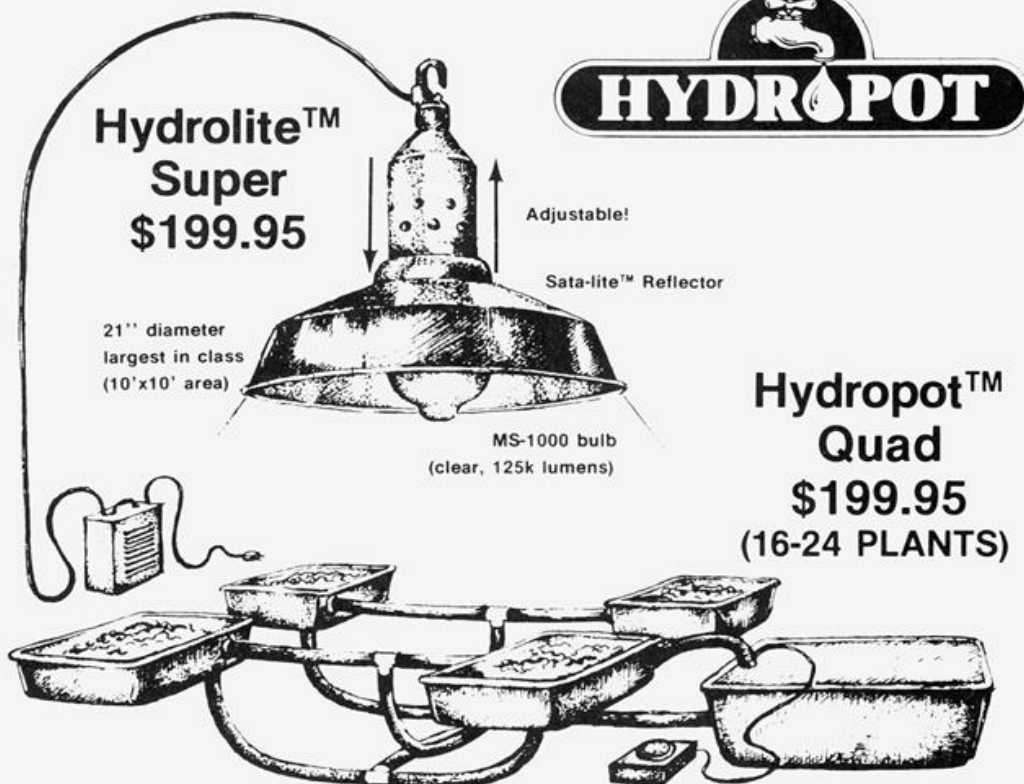
Stop talking like a lunatic. David Crosby, Steven Stills and Graham Nash were never anybody's culture heroes—at least anybody who ever worked at HIGH TIMES magazine. That they were talented and influential musicians is true—the parody does not imply otherwise—but culture heroes, no way. We suggest that you check out the movie Celebration at Big Sur, when it comes around on the tube next time if you still don't see what we mean, especially the scene where Steven Stills starts beating up a guy on acid who was in the audience, heckling him about the price of his guitars. —Ed.

Grass and Epilepsy

Editor:

Referent to a past issue of HIGH TIMES [June 1982, "Dilantin for Depression? A Remarkable Medicine Has Been Overbilled"], there is little doubt in my mind that, regardless of its effect on cannabidiol, diphenylhydantoin sodium (Phenytoin Sodium USP, "Dilantin") is a tetrahydrocannabinol antagonist, which supports the statement made that "CBD appears to abolish all the effects of THC." I have been into weed for over 30 years (during which time my Wechsler-Bellevue score increased from 131 to 143!), averaging a couple of doobies daily. Two years ago I had a seizure epileptoid, not epileptic—and have been on 400 milligrams DPH per diem since. It now takes me about three joints of the same stuff to get to where I used to be after a half-dozen or so tokes. Experimenting with other grades, I've repeatedly gotten the same before-and-after difference in effect from all of them. (To obtain the "before" results, I did the number after 72 hours of DPH deprivation; risky, but curiosity overwhelms.)

I did not know that THC triggers seizures in some people, as you aver,



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LETTERS

and have great reservations concerning the accuracy of that statement, knowing personally four heads who have been confirmed epileptics throughout their lives. On the contrary, there is very good evidence to believe that as both THC and DPH seem to increase the threshold of tetanic reaction, they both are "laid-back" molecules, unlikely to produce any untoward CNS response.

—Edwin Weston

Address withheld

THC's alleged proconvulsive properties are a matter of acrimonious debate. In lab animals, from rats to monkeys, pure delta-9 THC has been shown consistently to forestall epileptoid seizures induced by shock or strobe lights—initially. If the animals are kept steadily on the drug until "behavioral tolerance" is achieved—until the dope no longer has any effect on them—then it no longer forestalls their induced seizures, either.

But that's animals. In humans there are anecdotal reports that THC has triggered convulsions in some people with histories of epilepsy; and these reports are balanced by other reports, such as yours, in which THC hasn't done this at all. The etiology of epilepsy—its cause, and the way it works—is unknown, so it's conceivable that THC might very well have different effects on different epilepsy patients, or different effects on the same patient from time to time, and from dose to dose. It's hard to determine this experimentally, for obvious reasons: We're talking about human beings here, and sick ones at that.

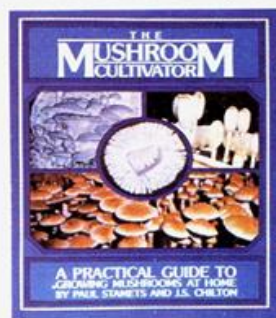
The sticky point is that every time the rumor goes around about THC's alleged anticonvulsive properties, a few people with epilepsy are sure to conceive the notion that marijuana is a sovereign cure for the condition, and discontinue Dilantin against their doctor's advice. Then every time one of these idiots has a seizure, their docs write indignant letters to professional journals like Medical World News, usually fingering HIGH TIMES as the obvious source of this pernicious notion that grass cures epilepsy. But we never said that. In fact, we fudged on the side of caution in that news article—mentioning that THC had been seen to promote seizures, and omitting the fact that it hadn't been seen to promote them just as often—and you caught us at it. Keep up the good work.—Ed.

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OCTOBER '83

NO. 98

DE LOREAN LEFT OUT IN THE COLD

CODEFENDANTS PLEAD GUILTY; HETRICK WILL TESTIFY

by Julio Restrepo

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



John De Lorean is shown here leaving the federal correctional institution at Terminal Island after posting bond in October 1982.

HIGH COURT DROPS BALL ON 'EXCLUSIONARY RULE'

WASHINGTON, D. C.

VIRTUALLY THE ENTIRE U.S. CRIMINAL BAR HAD ANXIOUSLY AWAITED A decision in the *Gates* marijuana case. The U.S. Supreme Court had given every indication that, when issued, their judgment in *Illinois v. Gates* would profoundly alter, if not destroy, the "exclusionary rule"—the established principal of law that prohibits the use of illegally obtained evidence in the prosecution of the accused. When the justices finally

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FORMER AUTO MAGNATE JOHN Z. De Lorean has been left twisting in the wind by the codefendants in his cocaine conspiracy case. Both William Morgan Hetrick, the importer of the cocaine in which De Lorean is said to have invested, and Stephen Lee Arrington, Hetrick's errand boy, copped pleas in their cases in June. All of this could profoundly affect De Lorean's trial, scheduled to begin this month.

Whether these developments will harm or help the silver-haired Detroit golden boy's defense, however, remains open to question. Hetrick, who supplied the 27 kilos of Colombian blow for the deal in which De Lorean was busted, was the first to settle on a plea bargain and the only one to agree to testify against De Lorean. The owner of his own small airline, Hetrick was a heavy with Colombian connections and had apparently operated a substantial and lucrative smuggling operation for years before he was discovered by federal authorities. He is obviously the closest thing to a "Mr. Big" netted in the investigation that eventually sucked in De Lorean, and the fact that prosecutors have chosen

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DE LOREAN

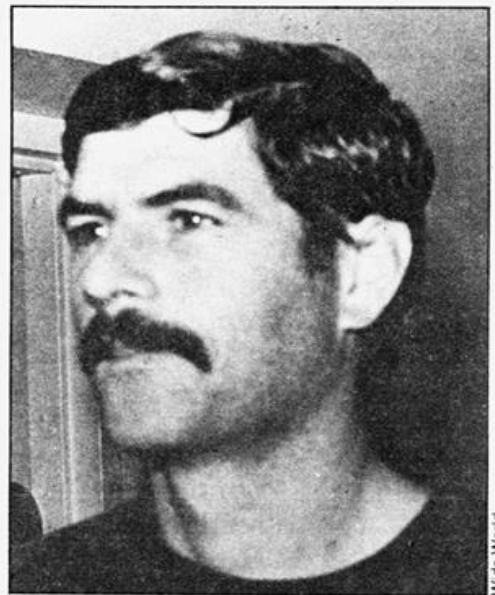
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to bargain off his case in exchange for testimony is a gauge of the importance they place on winning a conviction against the former car manufacturer.

Hetrick agreed in mid June to plead guilty to six federal charges which could bring sentences of up to 49 years in jail and a \$600,000 fine—though he *could* receive as little as life on parole. He will also be required to pay the government's cost of prosecuting him for tax evasion and currency violations. But, in exchange for the plea, federal prosecutors agreed not to pursue drug charges against his three sons and dropped the cocaine-distribution and continuing-criminal-enterprise counts, which carried the longest sentences. Hetrick was not sentenced, however, and, by agreement of Federal District Judge Robert Takasugi, will not be until he has testified against De Lorean.

Arrington, Hetrick's right-hand man who made the fatal coke delivery to undercover feds last October, sealed his plea bargain 11 days after the deal was struck with Hetrick. According to Arrington's lawyer, Richard Barnett, Hetrick's cooperation with prosecutors "significantly diminished" any chance of Arrington winning an acquittal. So he copped to two counts—of distribution of cocaine and conspiracy to distribute cocaine—which carry a maximum penalty of 30 years imprisonment and \$50,000 in fines. His sentencing was scheduled for August 25.

When Barnett announced Arrington's guilty pleas in June, he speculated that federal prosecutors may have sought an advantage in De Lorean's case by bargaining off the charges against Arrington. Had Arrington gone to trial, Barnett



Stephen Lee Arrington

said, undercover Drug Enforcement agent Gerald Scotti and federal snitch James Hoffmann would probably have been required to appear at a pretrial hearing. Scotti and Hoffmann promise to be crucial witnesses in the De Lorean trial: Scotti had posed as "Mr. Vicenza," a supposed drug-dealing honcho who was putting in most of the money for De Lorean's alleged big score, and had promised to peddle the cocaine; Hoffmann, a paid federal informant, and a perjurer in a previous case, was the "friend" De Lorean is said to have approached about setting up the buy. Being able to review cross-examination of these witnesses before the trial would have been extremely helpful to De Lorean's lawyers.

Shortly after the plea bargaining with Hetrick was concluded, Judge Takasugi granted De Lorean a two-month postponement of his trial, which had been scheduled to begin in August. Though the judge's decision to allow the postponement may have been influenced by the fact that Hetrick turned over, the ostensible reason for the action was to allow the defense to further investigate a theory that the British government had conspired against De Lorean.

De Lorean's attorneys argue that the operation of the De Lorean Motor Company (DMC) in Northern Ireland, with both Catholics and Protestants working side by side, was an embarrassment to the conservative British regime. Therefore, they say, the Brits finagled to have De Lorean set up for a fall so that they could close the plant. Howard Weitzman, De Lorean's chief defense counsel, says he has "absolute proof" that two offers of financing for DMC, which involved more than \$20 million and could have saved the company, were sabotaged by the British government. But even if Weitzman has such proof, it is still a substantial extrapolation from the facts to conclude that the British wanted to close the plant for political reasons, especially since the United Kingdom itself had invested more than \$150 million in De Lorean's company. British officials almost certainly knew of the drug "investigation" of De Lorean, and may have encouraged investors to steer clear of DMC for that reason alone.

So while this macroconspiracy theory may not sit well with a jury, the quality of the witnesses against De Lorean may work in his favor. James Hoffmann's testimony should be easy to discredit. A known perjurer in the employ of the DEA, he is the sole witness to De Lorean's initial contact with the cocaine conspiracy. Hetrick's word cannot be much more credible than Hoffmann's, since he is obviously so strongly motivated now to say whatever the prosecutors want him to say. At 52, he faces the prospect of spending the rest of his days in a federal prison if he is seen to



William Morgan Hetrick

be anything less than perfectly cooperative. De Lorean's attorneys may also be able to convince the federal jurors that it is not exactly kosher for the feds to plea bargain with a drug criminal of Hetrick's stature in order to convict a comparative day-tripper like De Lorean—just to get their names in the paper.

LATE UPDATE

As we go to press another wrinkle has appeared in the De Lorean case. At a pretrial hearing on July 14, the former auto mogul's lawyers petitioned for information on the activities of DEA agent Gerald Scotti, charging that the DEA, and possibly the Internal Revenue Service, were responsible for a series of break-ins against people associated with De Lorean's codefendants. De Lorean's defense team submitted a private investigator's affidavit which is said to contain a list of acts of misconduct by Scotti in previous cases. In at least one previous case, Scotti has invoked his Fifth Amendment privilege (against self-incrimination) to avoid testifying. The specific details of the affidavit are not available, since Judge Takasugi sealed the document after it was received by the court. The break-ins, however, according to Arrington's attorney, Richard Barnett, are alleged to have been of vehicles and residences of people connected with Arrington and Hetrick.

De Lorean's attorneys are obviously hopeful of a dismissal like the one granted to Daniel Ellsberg in the Pentagon Papers case. The charges against Ellsberg were voided when it was discovered that the FBI had illegally burgled his psychiatrist's office. Whether or not De Lorean's charges against the DEA prove substantial, this new twist could force another delay of his trial—on charges that are now almost a year old. **HT**

'EXCLUSIONARY RULE' REMAINS INTACT—FOR NOW

/ continued from page 19

unveiled their decision in early June, however, it was revealed that the rule, for the time being at least, would remain in effect.

Observers of the Nixon-Reagan court have been at a loss to explain precisely why the justices ducked the issue in this case. On the day following the *Gates* decision, the always reserved *New York Times* termed the ruling "the end of a baffling episode."

The whole baffling episode began back in May 1978 when someone with a grudge against Lance and Susan Gates sent an anonymous letter to the police department in Bloomington, Illinois. The letter charged that the Gates couple "strictly make their living selling drugs." The police put Lance and Susan under surveillance, and even followed them on a trip to West Palm Beach, Florida. Upon their return, the narcs acquired a search warrant for the Gates car, and in it found 350 pounds of marijuana.

The Illinois Supreme Court ultimately ruled that the load of pot was illegally obtained evidence, because the anonymous letter, which had been instrumental in obtaining the search warrant, was not valid as "probable cause" for issuing the warrant.

When Illinois prosecutors appealed the case to the U.S. Supreme Court though, it gradually took on new dimensions. At first the justices refused to hear any arguments about the exclusionary rule and listened only to debate over the validity of the search warrant. Months later the court changed its mind and ordered the adversaries in the case to argue about the exclusionary rule itself, specifically about whether there should be a "good-faith exception" to the rule. Under this concept, cops and prosecutors could convict someone on evidence they had obtained in the "reasonable belief" that it was acquired legally.

This sparked a debate in



Why do we print this ridiculous portrait of Justice William Rehnquist? Because we can't resist, that's why.

legal forums and on editorial pages throughout the country. Lock-'em-up, law-and-order types were confident that the Supreme Court was about to unmanacle the hands of the police, while civil libertarians and defense at-

torney on the whole issue. With "apologies to all," they noted that since the Illinois Supreme Court had not addressed this constitutional question, they wouldn't either. "A wise exercise of the powers confided in this Court dictates that we

The high court, having wasted the time and money of everyone involved in the Gates case, kept mum on the whole issue.

torneys, particularly those specializing in drug defense, sounded the alarm. This erosion of the exclusionary rule, they feared, would open the door to massive abuse of police authority by cops who would later claim they *thought* what they were doing was perfectly legal.

But in the end, the high court, having wasted the time and money of everyone involved in the *Gates* case, kept

rule head on, they were not about to turn the *Gates* loose. In their judgment, the Bloomington police had dutifully acquired sufficient corroborating evidence—beyond the infamous, anonymous letter—to justify the issuance of the search warrant. Since the search was therefore legal, the question of the good-faith exception ceased to be at all relevant.

In deciding against Susan and Lance Gates, the justices did, however, overturn two precedents (*Aguilar* and *Spinelli*), established by the more liberal Supreme Court of the '60s, which spelled out strict rules for the use of "tips" in acquiring warrants. The *Gates* decision now allows for a "flexible, common-sense standard"—something Rehnquist calls a "totality of circumstances approach"—for determining how snitch information applies to probable cause. Such imprecise case-law grants broad discretion to judges in the future granting of warrants.

The decision was not unanimous. Justices Burger, O'Connor, Powell and Blackmun joined Rehnquist in signing it; Justice Byron White voted with the majority, but wrote his own opinion, arguing that the Court should have dealt with the exclusionary rule and granted the good-faith exception. He agreed that the *Gates* warrant was valid, but disagreed with the overturning of *Aguilar* and *Spinelli*. Justices Brennan, Marshall and Stevens dissented.

For the moment, the exclusionary rule—widely considered the only substantial protection against illegal searches and seizures—remains intact. But keep your eye on *U.S. v. Leon*, a dope case out of California recently appealed to the Supreme Court by the Justice Department. The Reaganauts see it as their next chance to institute the good-faith exception, and the Burger court is not likely to let it slide the second time around. **HT**

BOUTWELL DEFENDANTS SENTENCED

COAST GUARD MUTINEERS DRAW LIGHT PUNISHMENT

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

FOLLOWERS OF THESE PAGES WILL RECALL the travails of the Coast Guard cutter *Boutwell* last year (see "Highwitness News," Jan. '83). The 378-foot *Boutwell* was left dead in the water in the North Pacific near the Aleutian islands when a group of mutinous Coast Guardsmen disabled her and attempted to steal a seized pot boat she had in tow. The smuggling vessel, a medium-sized sailboat named *Orca*, had been busted on June 20, 1982, en route from Singapore to Santa Cruz, California, carrying 3,200 pounds of Thai weed.

Sentencing of the four crewmen involved in the marijuana mutiny and the three smugglers has now been completed, and some few additional details are now available on the whole sad fiasco at sea.

The smugglers received the heaviest



The cutter Boutwell was the scene of two separate plots to steal the Orca and her cargo of 2,900 pounds of Thai weed.

sentences for their 10,000-mile adventure: four years for the 38-year-old captain of the *Orca* and two years and two and a half years, respectively, for his crewmen, aged 29 and 33. All were Cali-

fornians from around Santa Cruz.

The *Boutwell's* four marijuana mutineers were all sentenced through plea bargains or courts-martial that were individ-

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DOW YANKS PREGNANCY POTION OFF MARKET

MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY has ceased manufacturing certain chemicals taken by pregnant women.

The chemicals in question, doxylamine succinate and pyridoxine hydrochloride, are the active ingredients in Bendectin, a morning-sickness medication formerly produced by Dow's Cincinnati subsidiary, Merrell Dow Pharmaceuticals, Inc. Merrell Dow recently announced that it has ceased production of Bendectin, simply because the drug was costing them too much in liability-insurance money. Dow has been sued by over 300 women in the United States, and more than that in Europe (where the drug is merchandised as Debendox), who charge that the drug caused them to give birth to deformed infants. Though no final judgment has yet been awarded against

Bendectin in any court, Dow's liability insurers have been charging over \$1 million per month just to pay lawyer fees; and thanks to the efforts of various consumer groups, its total sales nowadays barely touch \$1 million per month, after a peak of \$15 million just a few years ago.

Evidence that Bendectin actually has teratogenic (fetus-deforming) properties is admittedly scanty and conflicting. Doxylamine is a mere antihistamine with anti-nausea properties; it's also contained in Vicks Formula 44 and Nyquil, and in Unisom Nighttime Sleep-Aids. Pyridoxine is a form of vitamin B₆, included simply to supplement the B₆ depletion that pregnant women typically sustain. Neither of these compounds, doxylamine or pyridoxine, has been associated with teratogenicity in the past.

However, Bendectin was recommended specifically for

pregnant women, in the dosage of two tablets (20 milligrams of doxylamine; and 20 milligrams pyridoxine), to be taken before retiring. The pills were coated with some special agent that kept them from dissolving in the stomach for at least six hours, so that their antinausea effects would not commence until the user awoke in the morning. Whether the drugs or the special time-release coating was teratogenic—or indeed, if any ingredient in Bendectin was teratogenic—has yet to be determined.

Consumer groups, such as the Public Citizens Health Research Group of Washington, have lobbied forcefully against Bendectin, citing European studies which supposedly show that mouse fetuses exposed directly to large doses of doxylamine sustain teratogenic-type damage. The manufacturers addressed this question in their regular insert for Bendectin in the

Physician's Desk Reference: "In a few of these studies an association between Bendectin use with a specific congenital defect was suggested. However, in each study, the associated defect was different. Because these results emerged after multiple analyses of the same data (i.e., looking at many drugs or many possible defects) and for other reasons, these findings were regarded as hypotheses and not as definitive findings." Recognizing the vagueness of this, they added, "Studies are ongoing to help clarify the matter."

Dow is simply discontinuing production of the drug because—even at \$1 per tablet—its sales no longer cover the associated legal-defense fees. Merrell Dow has asked pharmacists to continue supplying Bendectin to women who already have prescriptions, but anticipates that sales of the drug will soon cease entirely. **HT**

POT SEEDS FOUND IN MINI-WHEATS

ROACH INFESTATION THREATENS ENTIRE FOOD INDUSTRY

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

IT'S EVERY MOTHER'S NIGHTMARE: *Dope in the breakfast cereal!* But it actually happened to Julie Harmeyer. Julie's 10-year-old son Todd was just settling down for his morning nourishment, one day in late June, when some curious items floated to the surface of his bowl of Frosted Mini-Wheats. A couple of greenish brown seeds bobbed in the milk, and there was something else too, something the color of the milk, but black along one ragged edge.

Ms. Harmeyer had a hunch about these bits of flotsam and called in the Fort Wayne police, who "analyzed" the foreign materials and found them to be just what she had suspected: refuse of marijuana. Todd's mother was fit to be tied. She dashed off a letter to the Kellogg Company, venting her consternation. "We were surprised," she wrote, "when my son opened the cereal and found seeds and burned paper floating in the bowl and there was more in the box. My son knows better, but smaller children very well could eat it." The people at the Kellogg Consumer Center in Battle Creek, Michigan, told her to mail the rest of the box of Frosted Mini-Wheats to them, posthaste, and their chemists would give it a good going over.

When this calamitous event hit the wire services, the Kellogg folks were besieged by inquiries from media all over the country—including *HIGH TIMES*. Joseph Stewart, Kellogg's director of communications, told "Highwitness News" an investigation was in progress, but as yet no conclusions had been reached regarding the origin of the "marijuana findings." It had been determined, Stewart said, that the pot did not enter the cereal during the "wet stage" of



manufacture, since the paper and seeds were dry and separate from the little biscuits. However, he noted, the investigation was a difficult one, be-

cause the weed orts could have been dumped into the Mini-Wheats at any stage of packaging, shipping, distribution, or on the store shelf, or even

in the household where they were found. Furthermore, he pointed out, despite national news coverage, there had not been a single additional report of pot findings in Frosted Mini-Wheats.

The mystery will probably remain unsolved, but with assembly-line workers all over America substituting marijuana breaks for coffee breaks, and with the publicity given the Fort Wayne incident, a rash of copycat crimes could easily ravage the food industry. The federal Food and Drug Administration now sets limits on the number of rodent hairs and insect parts allowable in certain foods. The agency has not commented on whether a similar limit for marijuana findings can be anticipated. **HT**

CITY ATTORNEY IN L.A. ORDERS BOOZE DEALERS TO ACT AS COPS

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

CITY ATTORNEY IRA REINER, working with a neoconservative religious group, has decided to put liquor stores out of business unless the proprietors give the police information about drug crimes, gambling and prostitution near their establishments.

"If they don't break it up, we will break them up," pledges Reiner, who has targeted 800 liquor stores in crime-ridden South Los Angeles for special attention. Members of the South Central Organizing Committee, a "citizens group" with murky religious affiliations, will be "monitoring" the vicinities of these stores for indications of vice: dope sales, hooking, crapshooting and so on. Violations will be reported by them to the state's Alcohol

Beverage Control Board, who, it is hoped, will yank the licenses of the local grogshop owners if the owners haven't reported the same violations to the police. (There is no indication that the self-appointed brownshirts of the Organizing Committee will risk their own health by reporting criminals directly to the police; that, presumably, is the obligation of the liquor-store owners who are compelled to do business in the same spot every day.)

"So often these owners claim there isn't anything they can do, and so often what we find is that they've done nothing," charges Reiner. "And in many cases they encourage it, I suppose because they think it's good for business."

No liquor-store owner in the area could be found, however,

who was prepared to admit that just because he was corrupt enough to run a liquor store, he also believed that hooking, crapshooting and dope enhanced his business. "We're hurt by the crime, too," insists grogshop owner Hector Aguilar, who has reported numerous armed robberies—of his own store—in the past. "Liquor stores are always an easy target for someone with a gun."

City attorney Reiner's last such operation was in 1981, when he linked up with another New Right citizens group to picket a store in Studio City that was openly selling over-the-counter diet aids billed as "legal stimulants." The group succeeded in driving the place out of business for "offending the sensibilities of the community" of Tinseltown. **HT**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

PISS-TEST PROHIBITED FOR ATLANTA PAROLEES

by Dean Latimer

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

"REINSTATE HIM."

With that one terse order, Judge Keegan Federal put a prisoner back on probation and also flushed the EMIT marijuana urinalysis test clean out of the parole programs of De Kalb County, which includes the city of Atlanta.

Attorney John Ellis, Jr., was representing the probationer involved, a man busted last winter on a dope offense, who had been ordered to spend six weeks of "on-ward rehabilitation" at the Veteran's Administration Hospital here, and then another period as a supervised "outpatient." After a month on the ward, though, the man was bounced off the program because of two "positive" drug-urine samples. "He was required to maintain clean urines," a V.A. social worker testified simply to Judge Federal at the hearing in county court afterward, "and he didn't do that."

What he may have done will always remain unclear. First of all, after he'd been on the ward barely two weeks, a very rudimentary urine test called thin-layer chromatography (TLC, a mere slide-and-solvent color test) indicated that there was quinine in his urine. Quinine is often used to cut heroin because it looks and tastes similar. The man subsequently explained to Judge Federal that he might indeed have had quinine in his urine, since the lady who runs the recreation room at the V.A. told him herself that she used quinine water in the punch.

And two weeks later, traces of THC end-products were allegedly found in his urine by the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, a commercial pot-testing machine used in jails and drug programs by employers and the armed services all over the country.

"It's an easy, cost-effective, almost attack-proof system," explained Dr. James Woodford, an Atlanta chemist called by attorney Ellis to give expert testimony regarding the EMIT pot test. "It's very sensitive, in that not much material is needed to actually run the test, and it looks for very small quantities of the substances. However, the accuracy of this test is quite questionable."

Dr. Woodford, who specializes in forensic chemical analysis, started from scratch in his explanation of the EMIT process. Basically, it's a simply designed "enzyme-immunoassay," which uses chemicals to look for an end-product of THC in human



Dr. Byron Rubin

Dr. James Woodford

urine. Immunoassays in general are not that hot, Woodford explained: The EMIT system "hits somewhere between thirty to sixty percent reliability," he said, leaving an incredible leeway for false-positive identifications.

And with the EMIT no one really can ever determine if what the machine turns up in urine is really "9-carboxy THC," the supposed target compound. Once a urine donor has filled the 60-milliliter sample cup, the EMIT operator then reduces the sample to a barely visible quantity for running through the machine; the machine then looks for *billionths* of a gram of 9-carboxy THC acid, a quantity too tiny to be retested by any more reliable process, Woodford said.

So what the machine actually detects, in any given sample, is anyone's guess. "Just about any substance that has an abuse potential also has a counterpart within the human body itself," explained Woodford. "For example, there's the body's own opiates, the body's own Valium, the body's own alcohol, the body's own phencyclidine, or Angel Dust." All these "endogenous ligands" for different sorts of dope can be produced naturally "after a change in diet, a change in a person's stress situations or a change in health." Undoubtedly the body produces its own THC, too, to show up in urine and

confound immunoassays like the EMIT. "The body produces chemicals which are almost identical to and will test out the same as drugs of abuse."

To make matters even worse, carboxylic-acid molecules (unlike the hydroxy compounds found in most psychoactive drugs) are highly polar, or "sticky." They tend to bind to the very glassware used with the EMIT machine, raising very special problems. Any time a urine sample with actual THC in it goes through a machine, the 9-carboxy acids may persist in the glassware, to contaminate the next sample to go through the machine, changing it from "clean" to "dirty." Dr. Arthur McBay at Chapel Hill—the state's medical examiner who codeveloped the EMIT process—emphasizes that the machine has to be blank-checked for contamination after every single positive sample, and flushed if found dirty.

"Why," inquired Judge Federal at one point, "are these tests so often used, if you are saying that their results are invalid?"

Woodford promptly explained: "It's a big business out there. Last year alone there were maybe twenty kinds of systems based on competitive binding put out by companies." The Syva Company of Palo Alto, merchandisers of the EMIT pot test, have sold scores of thousands of portable units since 1980, at \$3,500 per unit. "They're a hot new item on the market."

The commercial demand for immunoassay drug-tests rose enormously in the late 1970s, when the TLC process was deemed insufficient for forensic use in several federal jurisdictions. "The thin-layer chromatography process has been just about kicked out of the window because it's no good," declared Woodford. "It's been replaced by the EMIT test, which is, according to the scientific literature, probably not as good, but cheaper and easier to run."

"I would say that the EMIT test is not as good as the TLC test, which is known not to be specific, or selective, or worthy of court proceedings," Woodford testified. Still, "The TLC contains a sample. You can see it, you can weigh it. But the EMIT, it's a one-shot deal. When it's over, it's over. Nobody can check your work. Nobody knows. There's no way of getting down in there to see what you've looked at."

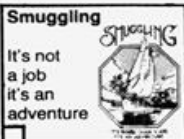
Judge Federal had some obvious problems absorbing this shocker. Why aren't more scientists, he asked, writing and testifying about all this?

There's not much money to be made from that, said Woodford. But there is certainly a lot of money in commercial drug tests. "There's not going to be many people who are going to come out and say there's anything wrong with these tests. There's just not that many people, who want to do that kind of thing, who are interested in that aspect of it. No one

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gives you funding to go out and see how the tests *won't* work, or under what conditions the tests fail."

By far, most of the reports on the EMIT pot test's reliability, he noted, have been funded or published by the Syva Company itself. "The company that has the patent on this test is not going to disclose any data that are going to make the test look bad," he pointed out. And the EMIT's very *cheapness* recommends itself to lab techs: "If it works for three dollars, that's great. That's the basic philosophy."

In cross-examination, assistant prosecutor Mike McDaniel simply reiterated Judge Federal's question: "Why has it taken so long for the medical community to realize how bad these tests are?"

Woodford reiterated his remarks to the judge and added that, with the EMIT finally being brought to court in literally scores of jurisdictions, things may change very quickly. "When more and more people lose their jobs, or have on their records that their urine contained THC in 1984, or something, then you're going to have lots more people coming out, and the tests will probably move on to the side, as tests do."

McDaniel then opened a rat's nest for himself, by asking how these ultrasensitive urinalysis machines could ever *really* show a false positive on an innocent party. Woodford began counting proven cases on his fingertips: "A malfunction in the refrigerator. Somebody ordered a bottle of hydrochloric acid and left it uncapped in the lab for three days before it was discovered. A set of pipettes that got rained on in New Jersey and was put into a truck where someone was smoking marijuana ... There are any of a million reasons why it could happen, but you never know what they are. You will never track those reasons down, but the fact is they are there."

McDaniel ceased the questioning shortly thereafter, and Ellis summed up. "What I would urge upon the Court is that there must be a valid reason for [Ellis's client] being removed from the program at the Veteran's Administration Hospital." His man had testified simply that he had not knowingly consumed any quinine, nor had he knowingly been anywhere near any marijuana smoke while on probation. "I would ask the Court that before revoking my client's probation and sending him to jail, that something more be required than the nonspecific tests which were used."

McDaniel summed up that "much of what Dr. Woodford testified to can be discounted," because at this time he "is not in the majority as far as opposition to these tests is concerned." Also, Woodford was paid to give testimony (by the county).

Judge Federal did not take very long at all in his deliberations.

"Reinstate him," he said. And it was done. **HT**

BOUTWELL

/ continued from page 22

ually concluded between mid March and late May. By military standards, they were treated with astonishing leniency. Demotions were meted out along with substantial forfeitures of pay and sentences at hard labor, but the longest single period of confinement ordered for any of those convicted was six months; the shortest was 30 days. Moreover, none of the Guardsmen involved were irredeemably drummed out of the service.

A 20-year-old fireman on the *Boutwell*, who had severed the cutter's fuel line and disabled her generators in order to slip away on the *Orca* unpursued, was sentenced by a jury panel to five months hard labor at no pay and a bad-conduct discharge. However, a previously signed plea bargain superceded that sentence. Under the plea bargain, if he maintains a good-conduct record throughout the prison term, the fireman-saboteur will be able to finish his hitch and be discharged honorably. This man, the last to be sentenced, and one coconspirator were the only participants convicted in what now appears to be the first of two separate plots to steal the *Orca* and her precious cargo.

The most severe punishment was imposed on a crewman involved in another plot, which was attempted seven days after the first, and resulted in the death of one of the plotters. Three crewmen, it seems, planned, on this second effort, to slip back along the 100-foot towline attached to the *Orca* in stolen survival suits, cut her loose and sail away. One of them, Seaman Jerome Herndon, drifted away in the rough Arctic sea, and though his cry was heard on board the *Boutwell*, it took seven hours to find his frozen body in the waves. His fellow plotters were prosecuted for dereliction of duty, among other things, in failing to immediately report he was overboard. One of them, who was also found to be in possession of marijuana and cocaine, drew six-months' confinement at hard labor.

The known events on the *Boutwell* during those nine harrowing days suggest a more elaborate, so-far-unrevealed drama, uniquely suitable for the pages of this magazine. HIGH TIMES is interested in hearing the account of anyone who served on the cutter during the whole mutinous episode. The identity of any eyewitness will be kept strictly confidential. HT



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DIAL-A-JOINT HANGS UP

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Bud Bogart

"We'll see you in three years," cheered a handful of supporters as chutzpah king Mickey Cesar was led off to the hole. Cesar, otherwise known as "Pope Mickey" in the sleazy, Lower East Side alphabet-soup neighborhood he calls home, was off to the cooler for another stretch on pot-dealing charges. The man who had boasted to millions of New Yorkers that he would never spend a day in jail for peddling pot—"It's a religious thing," he explained—may get sprung after 21 months from his three-to-five stretch with time off for good behavior.

Mickey's problems began some years back when he opened a storefront on Bleecker Street in New York's East Village, emblazoned with a huge banner of a Communist hammer and sickle superimposed on a marijuana leaf. "The Church of the Realized Fantasy" was proclaimed a liberation army for potsmokers, and a religious organization to boot.

The church raised money by selling pot—as a "sacrament" through a "Dial-a-Joint" service. Complete with business cards and 24-hour delivery, the Dial-a-Joint operation soon became a bustling business. Callers chose their pot from among six to eight seasonal favorites, paying from \$50 to \$200 an ounce, and received delivery usually within the hour.

But Mickey, who has a fatal affection for publicity, told his story to members of New York's ubiquitous media corps and soon it was in the pages of *New York* magazine, then the *New York Post*, and of course at that point the videos were forced to chase it. The cops, thus notified of the operation, agreed that, yes, the situation warranted looking into.

Surprisingly—actually, not so surprising if you knew Mickey—this police threat raised nary a goose bump on Mickey and his minions.

"I can spot a narc by the tension in his voice," explained Numbskull, one of the delivery people. "Besides, they won't bust us, because we're a church."

Unsympathetic cops from the tough Midtown South Narcotics Unit called, set up a buy, busted everybody and tossed them in jail. Mickey, with a couple prior beefs, stayed there for nearly a year.

He got out, apparently unrepentant, for

within weeks the church was reestablished in the deadly and notorious area around Avenue A and Tenth Street, a no-man's-land of gun-toting junkies and subterranean shooting galleries. The church prospered, more than ever when he began running ads in the local alternative papers, but seemed to evade the attention of the fuzz. The local turfmasters didn't miss it though, and one day Mickey was shot and wounded after a shakedown fizzled.

Maybe that made Mickey figure that jail was a pretty good place to be, because after he recuperated and was fested by his pals at a party for the occasion, he suddenly popped up on the nightly news and papers throughout the East announcing the success of his church. "Yeah, we make thirty thousand dollars a week," he claimed, barely blinking at the cameras, "but we're a church, so they can't bust us."

This lemminglike performance was followed by another warning from the cops through the media now beating on the church's doors: "Yes, we'll certainly look into it." Proving Shaw right, that mankind knows from experience that we learn nothing from experience, the cops again buzzed the Dial-a-Joint number, took delivery of some weed and busted everyone once more.

It was then that Mickey uttered his well-remembered words into the TV cameras as the cops were leading him away handcuffed, wearing a commissar's hat with a red star on the crown: "I'll see you guys in a couple of days."

Mickey is reachable for the next 3 years through the Manhattan Correctional Center.

Spacecraft Colombia.... Top-notch Colombian Gold has been filtering into the New York area at astonishingly high prices, yet people seem willing and able to pay. Multiple pounds (lots of 10 to 20) range through the low sixes. Boatload buyers are paying in the neighborhood of \$475 a pound. Last year it was \$325 for hundredweights.

On the streets it's even worse. Single ounces of the bright gold, seedy and dreamy, were knocking down a hundred dollars each along Christopher Street, Greenwich Village's gay ghetto, often used as a price standard.

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CANADA

Commercial	a trickle	oz	70-90
Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Gold and red		oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	oz	325-350
Mexican tops	making the rounds	lb	2800-3600
Homemade "cake" hash	impotent	oz	50-85
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	lb	450-650
Kashmir hash	reddish, rocket fuel	gm	15
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	260
Hash	red Leb	lb	15
LSD	blots from England	one	3250
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	gm	25
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	oz	375
		oz	200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
golds, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	8-25
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	100-225
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	150-200
Cocaine	devalued pesos	lb	1500-2000
	make this a buy	oz	40-75
		oz	175-225
		lb	5000-6000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	symbol	kilo	1250-3750
Moroccan hash	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Lebanese hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Black Afghani hash	transport	kilo	1000-2000
Pakistani hash	problems solved	oz	60-120
Cocaine	top banana	oz	1200-2200
	ditto	oz	100-135
	brisk market	oz	100-150
		gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly, not	oz	15-25
Colombian	that much	lb	200
Sierra buds	passable	oz	6-10
Esmeraldas	the worst	lb	70-100
swamp grass		oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40
			5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	varies	lb	750-1500
	super tops		

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
Oaxacan	long-stem	lb	175
Sinse	beauties	oz	10
Acapulco gold	northern grown, sativa	lb	90
Hash	and green, one of the best	oz	25
Cocaine	greenish brown, a snoozer	lb	250
Methaqualone	much fake, pass it on	oz	20
	much pharma-ceutical, okay	lb	175
		gm	15
		ea	150
		gm	30-50
		ea	1-2

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blond Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	175
Pot, African	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality marsh	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
Cocaine	European blots called "De Lorean White"	ea	6
		gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stinky & stony	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	160
		lb	1800
		oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	gm	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	oz	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	gm	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	oz	175-200
Thai sticks	great	gm	10-15
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	175-200
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	gm	250-300
Moonshine	homemade	one	25
		oz	50-75
		100	5
		pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Tampa, Fla.	strong, red & brown lumbo	lb	585
San Francisco	mandala blotter acid, great	1000's	400
Toronto	dusty Leb hash, zzzzz	oz	185
Burlington, Vt.	Mexican sinse sold as domestic sinse, still good	oz	160
Provincetown, Mass.	Colombian ounces, much in demand	oz	85
New York City	early sinse, okay, but blockbusters	oz	200
Washington, D.C.	okay toot, lots around	gm	115

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	interesting early birds	oz	175-250
Commercial	rapidly expanding market	lb	1600-2200
Mexican	gold and green	oz	50-75
Top-grade	sinses	lb	500-800
Mexican	good, but rough	oz	90-140
Jamaican	hard to eyeball for quality	lb	1000-1500
Jamaican sinsemilla	barely available	oz	45-65
Commercial	top-flight gold	lb	450-550
Colombian	sticks like stumps	oz	100-160
Primo Colombian	sticky but plentiful	lb	1000-1450
Thai sticks	watch for impersonators	oz	60-65
Loose Thai	here, but in lesser volume	lb	560-675
Hawaiian	gov't seal	oz	75-85
Lebanese hash	bits and pieces	lb	675-750
Black Afghani hash	dried, lots of pieces	oz	10-25
Paki hash	hard to find	lb	180-225
Psilocybin mushrooms	many varieties	one	175-220
Peyote	prices dipping, big supply	one	235-300
LSD	South American pharmaceuticals	gm	2700-3200
Cocaine	costly as coke	oz	110-140
Methaqualone		lb	900-1100
Meth-amphetamine		oz	140-190
		lb	1550-2000
		oz	165
		lb	1600-1900
		oz	175
		lb	1600
		one	10
		one	3-5
		100	150-300
		gm	100-200
		1/4 oz	350-400
		oz	2000-2850
		ea	10-20
		100	300-500
		gm	75-110

Alaska

Commercial	shake city	oz	50-65
Colombian	'tis the season	lb	550-650
Domestic	most available	1/4 oz	50
sinsemilla	immigrant	oz	200
Mexican weed	flow	oz	50-65
Mainland	timberland	lb	500-600
sinsemilla	big mover	oz	225-300
Thai sticks	are you shitting me?	lb	2000-2750
Lebanese hash	blots	one	20
Cocaine	bootkickers	lb	2400-2650
LSD		gm	10
Methaqualone		oz	130-200
		gm	100-175
		oz	2000-2800
		one	5
		100	350-500
		one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
Kona gold	banana-size buds	lb	2200-2750
Mauna Loa	emerald green	oz	225-275
Maui wowie	overpriced, overrated	lb	2000-2500
LSD	fresh from the lab for cheap	oz	200-250
Mushrooms	not a big mover	lb	2000-2500
Cocaine	over the counter from S.A.	oz	225-275
Amphetamines		gm	2400-3000
		oz	2-4
		free	75-125
		gm	2050-3000
		one	2

Public awareness of AIDS—Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome—has increased greatly in just the last year. Unfortunately, ill-informed and sensationalist media reports have done much to confuse and alarm many people, preventing them from full awareness of everything that is already known to medical science about this new disease, which was first reported in 1979. At this time, it can be stated with some confidence that AIDS in this country appears to be largely restricted to two groups: sexually promiscuous people who have an extremely high number of male sexual partners, and intravenous drug users who share unsterilized needles and syringes.

At the last official count before this writing, about 1,600 cases of AIDS had been diagnosed in the United States, and 106 more cases in 17 foreign countries.¹ The volume of reported cases appears to be rising steeply, however, as public awareness of AIDS increases, and more people are screened for it. Twice as many AIDS cases were reported in the first six months of this year (182 cases) as over the same period of 1982 (97 cases), and the number of diagnosed AIDS cases appears to be doubling every six months.²

While this observed increase in AIDS cases may indicate that the disease is spreading rapidly among sexually promiscuous people and needle freaks, it may also simply reflect the increasing public awareness of AIDS.

The disease itself may show no overt symptoms for longer than a year after it is contracted. AIDS is characterized by a gradual decline in the body's ability to fight infectious diseases. Many victims only realize they need medical attention after their immune systems have become so weakened that they come down with unusual infections like cystic pneumonia, Kaposi's syndrome (a skin malignancy) or cytomegalovirus (a rarely seen flu). Now that more people have

AIDS

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

Part 2

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

heard of AIDS, and are having themselves screened for it before any symptoms of any sort appear, the number of "presymptomatic" AIDS cases being diagnosed is naturally on the rise.

This is a good thing, because early diagnosis of AIDS can not merely save victims much future hardship, but can also keep victims from unknowingly transmitting the disease to others. While anyone would undoubtedly do well to be checked out for AIDS, people in the special high-risk categories—sexually promiscuous people and intravenous drug users—should undergo periodic AIDS checkups for as long as they persist in these lifestyles. I.V. drug users and people who indulge in active and indiscriminate sex practices have always been at special high risk of contracting and spreading infectious "serum" hepatitis type B; now they should be aware that they're at high risk of contracting and spreading AIDS for the same reasons.

Like hepatitis B, AIDS appears to be spread exclusively by intimate, "serum-to-serum" contact between infected and noninfected people.³ While the disease agent that

causes AIDS has not yet been isolated and identified, it is assumed to involve a virus which, like the hepatitis B virus, cannot exist outside of human "sera"—body fluids like blood or semen—at human body temperature. This assumption is buttressed by the fact that barely a dozen hemophiliacs have contracted AIDS since 1979, even though most hemophiliacs require regular transfusions of blood collected by public agencies. Since blood donors certainly include people at high risk for AIDS, the AIDS agent should certainly have been found in more hemophiliacs by now, if the agent were highly infectious. Since the agent apparently can't exist outside of warm blood or semen, the possibility of its transmission by such means as spittle droplets, food handling, biting insects and so on has been ruled out by the Atlanta Centers for Disease Control.

By the same token, the promiscuous exchange of needles and syringes among I.V. drug users represents an ideal way to transmit any disease agent that thrives on serum-to-serum contact. Contrary to much popular folklore, most I.V. drug users are extremely gregarious

among themselves, and especially enjoy "fixing" each other up through communally shared syringes; often a user will even pause midway through a fix while the syringe is still half-full of his or her blood, and inject the rest of it directly into a friend's vein, to show how great the high was. Such promiscuous needle-sharing has, in fact, been diagnosed as a prime "reinforcing" factor which keeps people in I.V. drug circles long after their drug use has become physically dysfunctional for them.

Even the threat of contracting AIDS is unlikely to induce really committed I.V. drug users to discontinue needle-swapping. Users less committed to this unhygienic practice, however, would do well to avoid it entirely, especially now that AIDS is spreading among I.V. drug users. Those who *will* persist in using needles should be warned that even heating a needle over a gas flame will not suffice to denature any viruses in it.

While the lifestyle of I.V. drug users has always been unwholesome and unsanitary, the appearance of AIDS should definitely induce many I.V. drug users to take at least minimal sanitary precautions. "Shooting galleries," for instance, where people literally bleed all over each other, are now less hygienic than ever. Gay males have had to make many drastic changes in their lifestyles in order to try to reduce the spread of AIDS in their subculture; and if I.V. drug users really do care about their friends, they also will take common-sense precautions against catching and spreading AIDS.

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- ¹The United States Public Health Service, "Current Information on Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS)," May 24, 1983.
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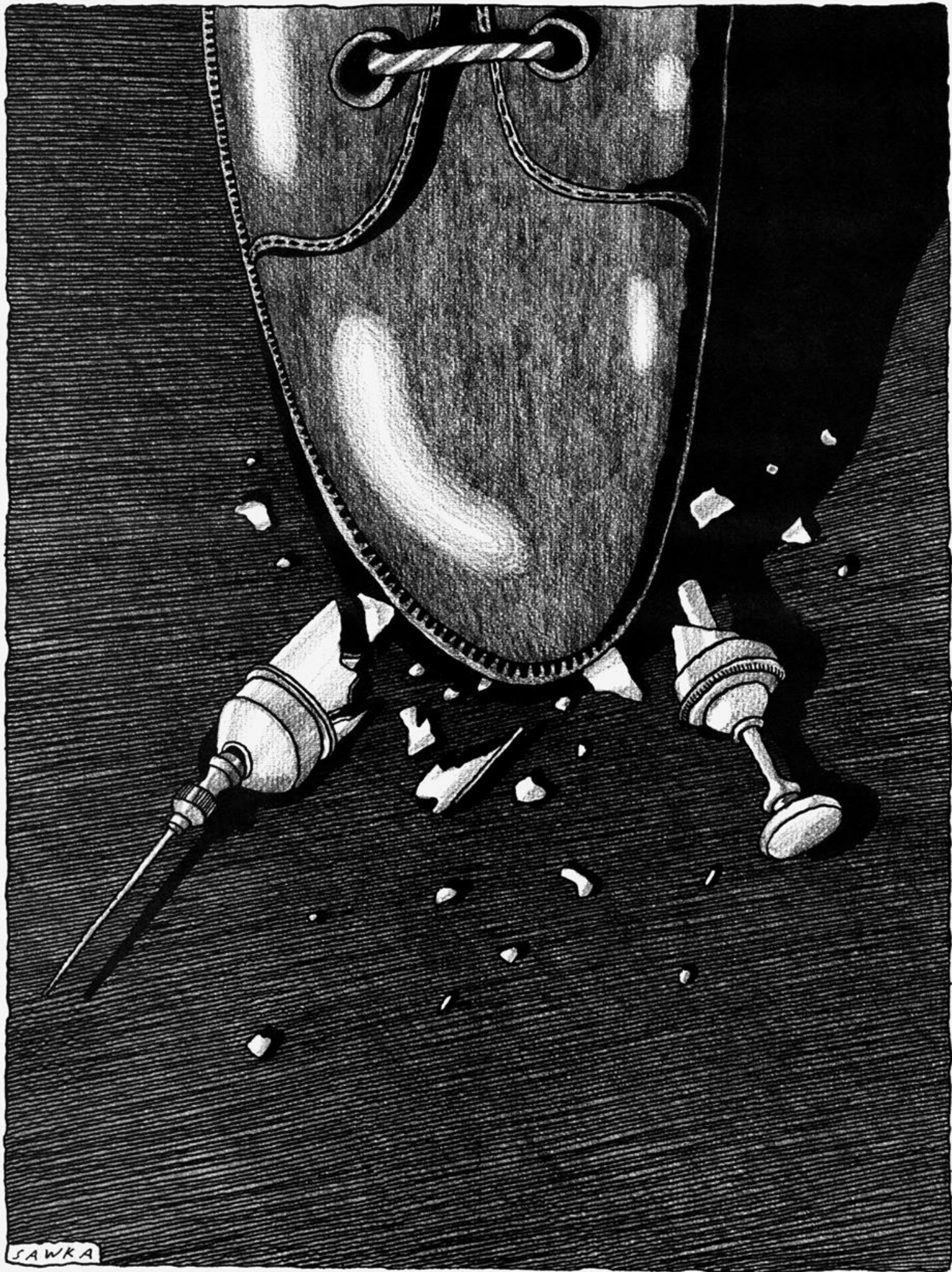
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SAWKA

ANTIDOPE, INC. PART I

The West German Greens Coalition, the Copenhagen Squatters and the U.S. Yippies—united against heroin.

The reports out of Europe have been pretty dismaying over the last few years: skyrocketing heroin addiction rates, overdoses and junkie crimes proliferating, top cops and politicians conniving with the global Mafia to put more skag on the streets even while they scream for fiercer laws to put away the same junkies whose habits they pander to. It's exactly the same thing as happened in the United States in the 1950s and '60s, but in Europe it's happened all at once, everywhere, just since the mid-1970s.

Consequently, the politics of heroin have suddenly become big-time politics, from the Straits of Gibraltar to the Iron Curtain, and controversies that were hashed out in America 20 years ago are being discovered—with all their fruitful political ramifications—for the first time by European politicians. Is methadone, for instance, just another kind of heroin? Is it possible to "cure" addicts with treatment, or should they all just be put away? Are hash and marijuana necessarily linked to heroin? How can you possibly take effective law-enforcement action against heroin if the Mafia's filthy smack money has already bought off most of the key officials in the top police and political echelons? And how do you move against those people?

The response to all this from the new "alternative" European political coalitions has been varied and fascinating. The established "Provo" coalitions of Denmark and the Netherlands, which mainly represent the easy-going hash smokers and propertyless "squatters" of those countries, have taken a ferocious antiheroin stance, driving junkies and junk dealers physically out of their neighborhoods by something like vigilante action. The "Greens" coalition in Germany, which is mainly into anti-nuke and ecological agitation, has found immense political profit in exposing the dope-money corruption which is endemic in all the established political parties.

In Great Britain, the Legalise Cannabis Campaign also takes any opportunity to condemn heroin. In France—where the government has for years been exposed as wholly corrupt with Mob influence of all sorts, not just dope—the new dope magazine *Viper* has discovered that the officials seem afraid to move against a dope magazine at all. Any official who makes noise about *Viper* is sure to be suspected of "protesting too much," and is liable to be thoroughly investigated for that alone. And besides, as long as *Viper* runs an occasional antismack cartoon strip or article, it absolutely confounds French authorities, who universally believe cannabis and heroin are the same thing, and can't understand how anyone could be "for" one narcotic and "against" the other.

At HIGH TIMES, of course, we long ago had to give up trying to talk about "good" drugs or "bad" drugs. So when all these Europeans came around to talk dope last summer, we mainly just turned on the tape recorder and let them rap. All these Europeans were here at the behest of the Youth International Party of New York. New York Yippie leader Dana Beal lately has been contriving, with incredible perversity, to outdo Lyndon LaRouche's lunatic National Anti-Drug Coalition, by setting up his own Anti-Heroin committees to howl about smack. Beal appears to believe that potsmokers can curry favor among middle-class liberal types if they will only loudly dump on heroin as some sort of supernaturally maleficent, superaddictive substance, and he may be correct: though to anyone but middle-class liberal types, it's surely bound to look like the urinal is saying the bedpan stinks.

Chris Fagan of the May Day Coalition, and Bruce Anderson of the Coalition against Marijuana Law, both emphasized before we went to press that they were not into scapegoating junkies for political advantage.

—Dean Latimer

HIGH TIMES: I think we should start with Oli because he has had a very interesting and instructive experience in Denmark.

OLI [representative, People against Heroin movement in Denmark]: In Denmark the movement in '68, '69, '70, was mainly a squatters' movement and the biggest squat that was made in that period was a place called Christiania, a district of Copenhagen—a former military area, a barracks. It's big. At the moment there are just over a thousand people living there. It's owned by the Ministry of Defense. They didn't know what to do with it for three years, so we got it at the start for a period of three years. By then there were children and families.

It's so big they never really knew how to manage this place, and we have been able to keep a rule of free hash within that area. There is always hash sold freely in the streets and in the bars in Christiania. When the police get near Christiania, we know so fast, that usually the hash is gone by the time they are there. So we have maintained free hash in that area since we took it [11 years].

In '76, '77, '78—those three years—smack and coke were introduced in Denmark in big amounts—before that there was morphine base. They were introduced and it was cheap. Cocaine you could get almost free for six months.

In Christiania we had maintained the freedom of people to take whatever they want but we got this problem after about 1978. There were about two hundred junkies living in Christiania in a population of a thousand people and it couldn't bear that.

HIGH TIMES: Were these junkies new residents of Christiania? Or had they been junkies before they moved to Christiania?

OLI: It was a combination of the two. Junkies moved in and people living in Christiania became junkies because it was cheap. It became the thing to do if you wanted to be somebody. It was smoked first, then sniffed and within a year... So more and more people living in Christiania turned to heroin and more and more junkies came from the outside and Christiania became the biggest selling place in Copenhagen for heroin—especially one building.

In '78 we decided to try to cooperate with the Danish police. The aim was to get the main heroin distributors. A group of Christianites informed the police who promised to keep their sources quiet. This went on for two months. Then this information got to the attention of senior police who immediately abandoned the agreement and mounted a huge raid on Christiania against the hash dealers.

What they used as their reason for not cooperating with us was that our deal was that if they let the hash dealers alone, combined we can get the big heroin dealers. Instead, they clamped down on the hash dealers which nearly created a state of civil war in Christiania for a year. Cooperating with the police—you really have to be up against the wall to do that. And we were up against the wall but it didn't work out because the top police sabotaged it.

DANA BEAL: [representative, *Overthrow*]: What did heroin do for the quality of life in Christiania?

OLI: There was much fighting: two murders... over ten people died in 1979 from ODs.

HIGH TIMES: Were these people everyone knew?

OLI: There was a floating population as well as people who had lived there a long time—and some of them were old Christians and that's what really got people thinking—who's next?

So at the end of '79 we started a blockade on the building in Christiania where a hundred twenty-five people lived and a hundred of them were either just junkies or dealers as well. This was the first dealing place in Copenhagen just for junk.

HIGH TIMES: How did you handle that exactly? I mean, who laid down the law? Who decided who was a junkie and what did you do with them?

OLI: We cooperated with the normal

To work with the police against heroin— you really have to be up against the wall to do that.

system in Copenhagen and we made our own system.

There were sixty junkies sent away from Christiania for treatment with the deal that they could come back to Christiania if they stayed clean for six months. Some did; others stayed away in order not to get back into it.

HIGH TIMES: How did you physically get them out?

OLI: There were just a couple of fights.

HIGH TIMES: So it was like everybody got together and said the junkies have to leave.

OLI: Just like that... Two hundred people got together and maintained that blockade for forty days to tell the people coming to Christiania to get their heroin as they used to, that now you can't get it here anymore—"You have to find some other place or drop it."

This blockade functioned. Within half a year there were maybe ten to fifteen people left in Christiania who still used heroin, but you know that was an amount that we could cope with. About a hundred former junkies now live in Christiania. Today Christiania is practically free from heroin, especially because there are so many old junkies living there—they know the smell and now they are its bitterest enemies.

For example, a guy came to Christiania trying to sell two grams of smack to an old junkie who had given up only three months before. He forced it down the dealer's throat—the guy was in the hospital and stayed between life and death for three days.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, that's pretty.

OLI: That story was all over Christiania—that this was what you risked if you go to Christiania to sell heroin.

BEAL: This is Hans Georg Behr.

Not only is he advising the Greens on drugs—before that he managed to get himself in as the official drug adviser to the Christian Democrats.

BEHR: I started as a psychologist and became a journalist. I did about fifteen years' research on the heroin market, both in the countries it is produced in and in those where it is distributed.

There is the same problem Oli is talking about in Germany and I think everywhere in Europe. The police are acting in drug politics as a kind of traffic police. I don't think it's a conspiracy (the Left like to turn it into that), it is a problem of administration.

For instance, in Berlin the police really pushed in the junkies by not raiding the squatters' area. Everywhere else the junkie squats were raided, the junkies got busted—not in the squatters' area. So naturally the heroin dealers went in there. The squatters denounced some major heroin dealers to the police (five kilos upwards). The police didn't do anything. So the squatters started to form loose groups they called "Mobile Stress Guerrillas."

HIGH TIMES: Stress Guerrillas?

BEHR: Yeah, and they just burned the cars of the dealers. They had to do it three or four times. After that they got the message. You really have to start self-defense in these cases. The police are on the other side of the fence together with the smack pushers. This is the problem. Smack is a kind of licensed business everywhere—as in Denmark as Oli is pointing out.

The dope business is a licensed business already, but the problem is if you legalize dope and take it away from the established underground, there will always start another business, which is why we are against legalization. Because you cannot legalize the underground.

Okay, we have a lot of private brotherhoods of love, quiet small groups which are surviving by different means, but the general market... let's say ninety-nine percent is in full control of the police... licensed underground. I think the USA is great. You have many things that you can't find anywhere else in the world, but police corruption you share with everyone.

In every German city the network

for the distribution of heroin is excellent, highly established. I can give you the names in each city. You can publish them but nothing will ever happen to any one of them. On the lowest level are the smack peddlers, a kind of subemployee. As soon as they don't bring in enough in a month they get busted by the police. Each one of them knows they have to sell as much as possible or get cut out. It's a perfect working system.

Everybody must know by now that heroin has become a kind of hard currency for third-world countries. The problem is always where to exchange it. This is the problem—everyone wants to have the profits, nobody wants to have the junkies. There are certain connections. For instance, of the major German heroin busts during the last few years—quantities of more than a hundred kilos—there have been seven altogether. In five of them, DEA agents were caught working as distributors—distributing heroin.

HIGH TIMES: American Drug Enforcement Administration officers?!

BEHR: Yes. DEA agents working for the DEA. I think it was a kind of warning shot.

HIGH TIMES: Where were these DEA guys arrested?

BEHR: I can show you the news clippings.

HIGH TIMES: I mean in what countries.

BEHR: In West Germany only.

HIGH TIMES: Only in Germany. [Ed. note: To be entirely fair, Behr never did send us any news clippings on these alleged incidents, and the Hamburg tabloid *Der Stern* has never mentioned this very juicy-sounding business. Also, the DEA Washington office categorically denies that it ever happens. Just to be entirely fair.]

BEHR: You just get the American picture in America: DEA as Drug Enforcement Administration. In other countries it is a kind of heroin-traffic regulation; also for the Lebanese hashish leaving the Near East via Israel. This we can prove. So it is a kind of double moral standard. Normally you know everybody who is talking on drug problems is considering the junkie who is the last link in the chain. The junkie is paying the price, the final price.

HIGH TIMES: He is paying the nickels and dimes.

BEHR: One of the most important persons involved in this was Dr. Izzat,

"You might call us the Left-intellectual-dope smoking-nigger-Turkish-gays. We are all of everything."

a Turkish businessman connected to the extreme right-wing. He was first dealing in heroin for the "National Salvation Party," which went to the USA via Sicily. Later he started working with the DEA. They paid him a lot of money to stop supplying to Sicily and set him up with sufficient connections to get it to Germany. The DEA helped him get it to Germany.

HIGH TIMES: What is the National Salvation Party?

BEHR: Turkish Nazis.

BEAL: Is that the Grey Wolves?

BEHR: The Grey Wolves are the youth organization.

The way the DEA people like to do it, you have to have one importer for the highest profit. To give you just an example of how it comes to Europe, the Mullah of Bunier is the world's greatest opium farmer. He is producing the most opium in the world—around sixty tons a year—in this way he is financing the independence of his area... he buys German firearms. He sells the opium to a government combine.

I don't know what photographs you have seen in the USA of so-called heroin labs. They are entirely different from the heroin factories I have been in.

To produce one kilo of heroin you need two thousand liters of drinking water of the best quality. This in areas where a small quarter-inch tap has to be sufficient for a whole village.

HIGH TIMES: You're talking about acetylating heroin, the final step: turning the morphine base into heroin.

BEHR: Yes. It is all done in Pakistan now.

HIGH TIMES: How can you acetylate heroin out there in the woods?

BEHR: You need an enormous amount of electricity. Five thousand to six thousand kilowatt hours of electricity of constant quality—I was told that by the chief chemist. They are really factories in the modern pharmaceutical sense, excellent working factories. The chemicals are supplied by German pharmaceutical companies.

After I published this information, the United Nations Narcotic Control Board in Vienna took up the case of this chemical supply. They found that ninety percent of illegally supplied chemicals found during raids on unlicensed heroin factories were supplied by Merck in West Germany. This was reported in a United Nations publication. You at **HIGH TIMES** should read such things. You would get stories of the real dealers.

HIGH TIMES: The United Nations lies about marijuana so much—I wouldn't believe anything they said about heroin.

BEHR: They lie about everything, but sometimes you know you can lie the truth.

HIGH TIMES: Where are the laboratories located?

BEHR: Always in areas controlled by Paki garrisons—literally garrisons. In Gardon it was just two hundred meters above on the hill.

HIGH TIMES: How do they get the water and the electricity?

BEHR: It's on an enormous scale. You see electricity lines on pylons where you don't see anywhere else for miles—no village has it. So you can't say this is a kind of underground thing. This is a highly official industry controlled by the Pakistani military government. No, come on, you can never say things on this scale are done in small back kitchens.

The opium they get from the tribal chiefs who are financing their independence from the government. It sounds paradoxical but you know economics works this way.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, when drugs are involved everyone gets in on it.

BEAL: They're "independent" of the government—which is not really independent. The government has the last say because they have the factories and they have the connects to get it out to someplace where it will sell for a lot.

BEHR: I have researched two heroin shipments: I followed it through the Pakistani customs, saw how the bribe was done. For instance, if you start to go down where there are a lot of road-blocks, there's always a DEA officer around. You have to bargain it out with the first check post and that price will then be constant at each check-point till you get to the south. You are already announced, so if there is a DEA officer or somebody from a different police department is at the control point, the men from the check-point will come to you some ten miles before and warn you, "Just wait."

It's a perfect service. These road-blocks against drugs are the best security you could have.

BEAL: You can prevent the drugs from getting ripped off because if the shipment doesn't show up on time they'll know something is wrong and where to send the garrison units up in the hills to shoot whoever ripped off the shipment.

BEHR: It then went by ship from Dashedi in the south of Pakistan to Kuwait, organized by an enterprise called Neurveck which is run by the Lebanese Phalangists.

In Beirut I saw the container coming in by air, on Middle East Airlines, which belongs to the financial chief of the Phalangists of the Gemayel clan.

HIGH TIMES: No wonder the Gemayels aren't in the hash trade anymore. Bashir's old gang is obviously in the *fast* lane now, with heroin.

BEHR: After being shipped by Middle East Airlines it got put on a truck decorated with some vegetables and went to Israel without any check.

HIGH TIMES: Oh, right, now the whole Bekaa-to-Cairo dope route is wide open, isn't it?

BEHR: Okay, then I lost the track, in Israel, but you can get that heroin anywhere in Germany. You can tell, because each type of heroin has a kind of trademark of its factory.

With hash... it's mostly done by the liberation organizations, not because of ideological reasons, definitely not, but because they don't have the means of setting up a chemical factory. With hash it's just handiwork, something you can do cheaply. In some places you don't even have to cultivate the hemp. It is growing everywhere—wild in the presence of the gods.

The problems start as soon as you've got it because it is difficult to transport. And just compare what you get for a packet of heroin and for a similar

packet of hashish. Also, dogs don't smell heroin; you can import it as washing powder. But with hashish it's a bit more difficult. You can't say, "This is Pakistani chocolate." This is the real reason hashish "leads to heroin."

HIGH TIMES: So these laboratories you were in didn't look anything like the pictures you generally see when the police raid a heroin lab.

BEHR: Oh, there was one on Swedish TV—it was marvelous. Two months later I was talked to by Mr. Raissier Hussein who is the intelligence chief of the Pakistan Narcotics Control Board and he told me, "Oh, yes, if you are from *Stern* magazine we can also arrange a raid for you on a heroin laboratory. There was a Swedish TV team here two months ago. We constructed it all very nicely for them and they were highly satisfied."

BEAL: You should talk a little bit about the way the Greens arrived at their drug policy.

BEHR: It is more or less obvious as far as NATO is concerned that Europe is a colony of the United States... highly developed colonialism but colonialism nevertheless. If ninety-five percent of the Germans said, "No, we don't want those fucking Pershing missiles," we would have a short civil war. The military would take action Pinochetizing the government. It's an American recipe which works not only in Chile. We can be your next Bay of Pigs—there are little Bays of Pigs all around the world. We are a colony of the United States, so we have to pay the price—which includes heroin. But I think within the next two years the economic capacity of the market for smack in Europe will be finished and you will get that stuff back in the USA.

There was, for instance, a very funny bust last year... a Chinese businessman who lives in Hamburg who is the resident for the KMT [the Taiwan government]. He was doing around six hundred kilos a month. He had one customer who bought everything, but none of that stuff ever appeared in Germany. In New York they were thinking, "How is this Thai heroin we directed to Europe turning up here?"

In the end the DEA had to force the German authorities to bust that one businessman who was so respectable that he had been forty-three times in court and always gone free. Now he is sitting in jail for unlicensed gambling.

So you see, the situation is that

we definitely do have a kind of smack traffic police which is called the Drug Enforcement Administration and is operating worldwide.

HIGH TIMES: Look, Hans Georg—if the German government is already rotten with Mafia dope money—and if the DEA is running smack *in* for them—then is there anything a coalition like the Greens can possibly do about it?

BEHR: I get the feeling in the States that you don't know what the Greens actually are. You say "Great," but you can't imagine what a help it is—a party without any program. If it had a program it wouldn't get elected. But there are hundreds and hundreds of programs from different groups—maybe twenty percent Green, and then you have everything from lilac via red to black, and pink... don't forget our gays.

Let's say that we are a kind of fraction you might call the Left-intellectual-dopesmoking-nigger-Turkish-gays—we are all of everything. About eight years ago we started to watch police tactics. It was necessary. It became a kind of "counterinvestigation," the counterintelligence which the government should do on the police. Now we are drawing up a proposal for a new drug politics, starting with an outline proposal for a new law.

HIGH TIMES: What have you got in the way of alternative legislation?

BEHR: Naturally we don't expect to win everything now, but we are good losers—excellent losers. We started with small actions—putting dummies of dead junkies in front of police stations representing those who have died in the past year on smack, just to show what their type of drug enforcement is doing, what it leads to. It's always a good photo.

We are now starting with a proposal to distinguish between natural drugs and chemical drugs. This is broadly backed by our ecologists. To parents we are saying, "Tomorrow it could be your child that is busted." That's the way we are handling it. We are proposing that for up to fifty grams of THC you pay a fine which is around a hundred Deutsche marks, just for being so stupid as to get busted, and nothing else will happen.

HIGH TIMES: Fifty grams of "THC," though. What are you talking about? Hash? Marijuana? Hash oil?

BEHR: It's a lot.

/ continued on page 60

THIS BUD'S FOR BREW

You won't find Hi-Brew, "The Wacko One," at your local grocery; in fact, there are precious few places where you can find it. But the Unknown Brewer now reveals, for the first time anywhere, how to truly put a head on your homebrewed suds.

For years the high society has heard rumors of an underground beer, brewed with pot. In a previous column of "R"s, the Connoisseur described meeting a bottle of "Hi-Brew" at a trade show: "It felt good. It was high. It was mighty. It was a mighty heavy high. A wide-bodied jumbo jet, DC-10 kind of high. Not the kind of high you'd want to fine tune your aesthetic perceptions, but just the perfect thing to have for getting into the slow rhythms of a baseball game while nodding out on a couch."

About a year later, Hi-Brew made the news again. A six-pack was discovered by a Lieutenant Fagan of the San Francisco Police Department. He called a conference to announce the new find to the world. He said that a task force was being formed to fight this new menace.

Then Hi-Brew faded from the scene. I heard nothing more about it until the master brewer, or the "Unknown Brewer" as he refers to himself, decided to make his secrets known to the world. He consented to be photographed making the brew, and though we spoke throughout the process, he would not consent to a formal interview. Instead, he handed me a taped interview that he had conducted with himself. Here are some excerpts:

Unknown Brewer: How did you get into this?

Unknown Brewer: I had a lot of leaf around and I decided to experiment to find different uses for it. Besides brewing, I also tried it in foods, cakes, chocolate pudding and also made a little bit of

hash from it.

Unknown Brewer: Was it successful?

Unknown Brewer: It was never a commercial success. I am not much of a beer drinker myself. I wasn't really that interested in the taste. Others could perfect the recipe. I was just interested in seeing if it worked; that is, if a marijuana beer could be made that would carry the THC into the bloodstream with the alcohol. That part worked. Also, I got publicity around the world.

Unknown Brewer: Did it take you long to perfect?

Unknown Brewer: I experimented for about a year, maybe a little longer. I poured a lot of bad brews down the drain.

Unknown Brewer: Why are you revealing this to the world?

Unknown Brewer: I'm not really interested in doing brewing myself; I just hate to see the leaf go to waste. No reason why people can't brew their own. It's easy to do.

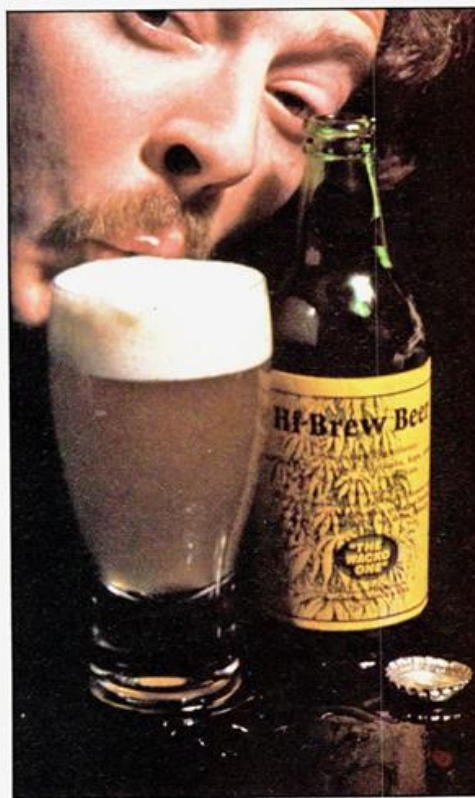
The Unknown Brewer donned his paper-bag mask and led me into his "laboratory."

"Brewing is a two-step process, at least the way I do it. Other people who brew use more sophisticated techniques, but I wanted the simplest method possible.

"Since I haven't brewed in a long time, I thought that I would make a bunch of different brews and have a taste-testing later on.

"Beer making is not a difficult process. Yeast eats sugar and shits alcohol and CO₂." With this, the Unknown Brewer and his assistant, the Unknown Assistant, started brewing.

There are thousands of recipes for making beer, but they all use the same basic ingredients: water, malt, hops and yeast. Malt is made by sprouting barley or rice, and then roasting them under low heat. The complex carbohydrates (starches) found in the sprouts turn to sugar, which the yeast can digest. Hops are added for flavor and aroma. Sometimes corn sugar or inverted cane sugar is used as food for the yeast, in addition



Peter Hudson

to the malt, because it helps to bland out strong malt tastes. Other ingredients are sometimes added to clarify the beer, give it a better head or to help preserve it.

Although some home brewers are very sophisticated, malting their own barley or rice, developing their own strains of yeast, blending hops and malts in search of the perfect beer, the Unknown Brewer uses simpler techniques. "Sophisticated connoisseur beers would be lost on me. My purpose was just to see how to make the marijuana fit into the beer medium. For this reason, I use the simplest possible techniques. In fact, I sometimes use pre-hopped malts which cut out two steps in the process." (Prehopped malts have been precooked with hops so that they already contain the flavor; they do not need to be cooked.)

"The first beer we are going to get started is a light beer. We are making five gallons of beer, so we use four pounds of light malt, dry. We add this to two gallons of boiling water and let it simmer for about half an hour. At the same time I add three ounces of Cascade hops. There are many different varieties of hops. Cascade is a standard one grown in Oregon. Just like grass, different hops have different aromas, tastes and alkaloids. In fact, hops are the plants most closely related to pot. I put the hops in a nylon net bag so that I can pull them out when the brew, now called a wort, is boiling. Then I add three ounces more of Cascade as the mixture cools. This will give the beer a hops aroma, since the first packet's essential oils were boiled off. When the mixture cools I place the wort in a five-gallon plastic container with a tight-fitting top. I add two pounds of corn sugar and fill the container with water. Then I add a package of ale yeast, place the top on and put an air lock in place on the top. The air lock lets out the carbon dioxide produced by the yeast, but lets in no air to contaminate the brew."

The other beer recipes that the Unknown Brewer decided to make public were even simpler. He took one can of John Bull Hopped Light Malt (53 ounces), three pounds of sugar and a packet of yeast, placed them in a five-gallon bucket, added water, closed the lid and attached the air lock. "They don't even have to be mixed—the yeast takes care of that." Then he repeated the process, using John Bull Hopped Dark Malt.

"Most brewers check their brew with a hydrometer to see if it is ready to be bottled. A sugar/water solution is heavier than an alcohol/water solution. Hydrometers measure the weight of the water and can be used to tell when the brew is finished, and what the alcohol content of the brew is. I am not using one today because I have used these recipes before and am not trying to speed up the brewing process. But if you want to use one, here's how to do it: To check the alcohol content of the beer, measure the specific starting gravity by placing the hydrometer in

the brew. Measure the specific gravity again at the end of brewing, just before bottling. Subtract the ending specific-gravity number from the beginning number, then divide by 7.23. That figure is the percent of alcohol in your beer. Different malts have different percentages of total sugars, so two different recipes with the same total starting ingredients will wind up with two different specific gravities at the end of brewing. By the way, one pound of malt or sugar added to water to make one gallon of solution will raise the specific gravity about .39. So if we take



Above: Pouring hopped dark English malt into one-gallon container. One-gallon containers are convenient to use. They are lightweight and very portable. Hopped malt does not have to be boiled before using. Below: Weighed pot leaf in nylon net bags ready for soaking.



malt and sugar that total a pound and a half in one gallon of water, we get a starting specific gravity of about 58.5. If the ending specific gravity is four, the difference is 54.5. Divide that by 7.23 and we get an alcohol content of a little more than eight percent.

"But instead of checking with a hydrometer every few days after the first week, I just let my brew sit for two weeks; I know it is done then. Yeast metabolizes faster at warm temperatures, so if the brew is sitting in a space with a temperature lower than sixty-five degrees, you may need to let it sit even longer."

The Unknown Brewer made about 12 different brews "for testing purposes only." When we returned to the laboratory about a week later, the Unknown Brewer brought with him the magic ingredient—grass—already prepared. He had let mixed grades of leaf sit overnight in water. "I use one and a half ounces per gallon of mix—which works out to around eight ounces in five gallons of brew." For convenience, he had weighed out the pot when it was still dry, and placed it in a nylon bag. Then he put all the bags in a plastic bucket and filled it with lukewarm water. He let this concoction steep for about an hour, pouring off the water and then refilling the pail. When we got to the laboratory, he repeated the process. "This removes most of the nasty-tasting water-soluble compounds from the grass. They do nothing for the beer. And the THC, which is oil- and alcohol-soluble, is not affected at all by the procedure." He then placed the pot, bags and all in the brew-buckets. "Now we let it sit another week before bottling. The alcohol in the beer eventually dissolves it."

The next week the laboratory was set up for bottling. All the bottles (Heinekens only) had been washed with a special detergent that leaves no residue. Chlorine bleach had been added when they were soaking in order to sterilize them. They were rinsed thoroughly and stood ready for filling. Using a siphon with a push-button valve on the end, each bottle was filled to the neck. Then three-quarters of a teaspoon of corn sugar was added. "This creates the carbonation, the bubbles," said the brewmaster. "The yeast eats the sugar, and the carbon dioxide cannot go anywhere, so it dissolves in the water." Once a brew was bottled, it was immediately capped, using an Italian capping machine.

"Is that all there is to it?" I asked.

I'm not
much of an
alcohol drinker;
at any rate, I
figure the
alcohol was only
a small part of
this high.



Unknown Assistant filling bottles from one of the experimental brews.

"Yes," he replied. "In a few days all the solids will collect on the bottom and the beer will clarify. The sediment contains yeast, coagulated particles of protein and little pieces of pot. It won't hurt you, but it's kind of funky. Anybody can make beer. It's really simple. The only pitfall is contamination, and that can be minimized by very clean, sterile conditions. Wash everything. Keep everything spotless and avoid letting the beer come in contact with air because there are bacteria that attack alcohol and turn it into vinegar. It turns the beer bad."

The following week I was invited to the tasting of the 12 brews that the Un-

known Brewer had made. There was a total of seven unknown tasters, but only four consented to be photographed.

The Unknown Brewer's products did not win rave reviews for taste. Three beers had soured, the result of bacterial contamination, but most of the others were drinkable: "I wouldn't want to six-pack"; "medicinal tasting"; "hollow"; "not enough flavor" were the greetings that some of the beers got. But three of the recipes got good reviews—the three in this article.

"About three years ago I started some wines. I have just about polished off two of the three cases I made, so if you come back next month, I'll show you how to make my Stoned Mountain Wines. But anyway, here's a six-pack of Hi-Brew."

"But I have a few more questions. What about the label? How do you do those?"

"I had a graphic artist do one to my specifications. Then I photographed it, reproduced the photos and placed them on a master sheet. I use a color Xerox with wettable self-stick paper. Anything else?"

"What about the grass?"

"I use one and a half ounces of grass to the gallon. I mentioned that."

"But did you ever use bud or bud shake?"

"Why waste good grass on beer? By the way, did you read the label where it says 'Don't drive or use heavy machinery when under the influence'? I mean it. This stuff can really impair your motor responses. Be careful with that six-pack."

The next day I opened a chilled bottle of the John Bull dark Hi-Brew. The intense taste was modified by the chill. It didn't have a great head. And it was a little flat. I remembered that the Unknown Brewer said that was easy to adjust. Just add more sugar when bottling. The taste was still thick, slightly bitter, almost a stout—I had no trouble downing it. About 15 minutes later my head was swimming. First my thoughts rushed around. And then they were all looking for a place to sit down. Then they started racing again. I'm not much of an alcohol drinker; at any rate, I figure the alcohol was only a small part of this high.

All of the ingredients (legal ones, that is) mentioned in this article are available from wine and beer homebrew shops, which offer good advice and many books on the subject. □



INDICA MADNESS by "R"

In the opening round of what promises to be a fiery and protracted controversy, the Connoisseur calls for nothing less than a revolution in the cannabis industry.

This column is going to shock a lot of people. It's going to cause rage in the rural counties of California. Fury in the clandestine growing fields of Florida. Apoplexy in Arkansas, an uproar in Oregon. You get the picture?

Because your Connoisseur has decided that, in the grave crisis of quality facing the domestic weed industry, the time for mere words is over. The time has come for radical action.

Sure, I've been warned. People have told me, "'R,' we agree with you, but one man can't turn the tide of history. One lone voice can't reverse the self-destructive course of the entire multi-billion-dollar domestic-grass-growing industry."

But I don't care. I'm going to try. It may be too late. It may be that no one will listen, but as Connoisseur, as the Ralph Nader of the recreational reefer consumer, I cannot stand by passively any more and see marijuana grown in America, once a pleasure and a delight, turned into what is—and there's no other way to say it—a stupid, bad drug.

I'm talking about *indica*. I'm talking about the perfumed plague that has infiltrated the seedbeds of domestic growers, driven out the traditional *sativa* crop with its seductive short-term cosmetic attractions. And I'm talking about taking some drastic action before all is lost.

Specifically: In view of the utterly alarming cannabis crisis on the domestic scene, I am hereby *suspending this year's entire domestic-category dope awards* for the duration of the crisis. This is no time for fun and games. The future of marijuana is at stake.

And furthermore: I am calling on all growers all over the United States to *stop planting any indica or indica-blend seeds for an entire season*, so that we, the

mass of American ganja smokers, can get some perspective on the plague of uselessly stupefying *sinsemilla* that's being force-fed into our heads. That's right—I'm calling for a *freeze* on *indica* growing in order to save *sativa* from self-destruction.

And finally, I'm calling on all consumers to let their growers and dealers know they won't stand for any more loading up with this dumb drug. I'm calling for nothing less than a consumer cannabis revolution to drive the marijuana changers from the temple of ganja.

Believe me, I don't want to have to take this kind of radical action. I've tried persuasion. I've tried reasoning. I've tried ridicule. But the growers keep growing, keep churning out that heavy, sickly sweet *indica* product, and more and more consumers are given no alternative. So even if they listened to the Connoisseur—as so many have gratifyingly written me they do—even if they plead with their growers and dealers to give them an alternative to *indica*—increasingly, there just isn't any to be found.

Perhaps for those of you who have not been following the consumer advice of this column carefully enough, I should once again define the terms and recapitulate the history of this incipient psychoagricultural tragedy.

When *sinsemilla* first burst upon the American grass-growing scene in the mid-'70s, almost all *sinsemilla* was grown from *Cannabis sativa* seeds. That is, it was grown from the magical Mexican seeds: the Michoacán, the Oaxacan and the Acapulco Gold from Guerrero. Or it was grown from the top-grade Colombian varieties: the Santa Marta Gold, the *Punta Roja*, the Panama Red. And it was glorious, it was exciting, it was enlightening, it was effervescent, it

was sexy, it was funny, it was sociable, it was fun. It was the champagne of cannabis. It was a triumph for American agriculture, for the brave and dedicated clandestine farmers who devoted their lives, their honor and their fortunes to getting us all high.

Sure, it was often expensive, but it was more often worth the price. No one begrudged the growers the \$200 or more an ounce they were getting because everyone knew the risks they were taking for our pleasure. But then something happened as the '70s wore on. A new kind of seed and a new kind of greed.

The new kind of seed was *Cannabis indica*. Hash plant. Skunk weed. Kush. 'Ghani. Call it what you want, it was an entirely different breed of marijuana. It came from the seed stock that for centuries had been used to produce the awesomely strong and stultifying Afghani hash.

And at first it caused a sensation in grower and smoker circles. Not only was it awesomely strong and stultifying grass, it was also breathtakingly, sensually beautiful. It looked beautiful: deep greens, purples beyond the capacity of purple prose to describe, flaming reds and glowing golds. It smelled beautiful—an intoxicating, musky, sexy, deep, flowery, mesmerizing fragrance as powerful as raw perfume base—it smelled like the sex of goddesses. And it tasted wonderful: like the richest, mellowest, most deeply pleasurable vintages of wine. And with that unbeatable, almost unbearable complement of ecstatic attractions, it proceeded, like *Evita*, to simply seduce a nation.

After a few years people forgot about the subtle satisfactions of old-fashioned *sativa*. They forgot about the cerebral sexiness of the *sativa* high, the playful,

trippy, provocative attractions of the original sinsemilla. All you could hear in your typical grower or dealer exchange were animal grunts of "Gimme some of that skunk, man." Or, "This purple shit just destroys me." Or, "That 'ghani is paralyzing."

Well, in a sense they were right. They were getting destroyed, paralyzed, skunked.

Because—and there are just no two ways about it—*indica* is just not *marijuana*. *Indica* is a different drug entirely. And it's not a good one.

I'm not saying it's not strong. Sure it's strong. But so is Thorazine, the notorious "liquid straitjacket" used to paralyze violent schizos—strong. Romilar cough syrup is strong too, if you drink too much of it. So is heroin strong. But the point about *marijuana* has always been not that it's *strong*, but that it gets you *high*. And I'm sorry, it's time for someone to point out that the emperor's new set of clothes are nonexistent—*indica* just does not get you high. It gets you low. It gets you down. It paralyzes you, it freezes brain function—but it does not get you high.

Now let's look at the *indica* high clinically, and compare it with the *sativa* high. Why is it that most descriptions of *indica* high have such strong elements of passivity, destruction and wastedness? The first thing you notice from strong 'ghani is a powerful cardiovascular bodily effect. That's the first thing and the last thing and what mainly happens in between. Your heartbeat gets faster, deeper—seems to boom like a big bass drum in your chest. Your breathing becomes deeper, more, well, breath-taking. Your somatic bodily sensations become more intense—you get a body high, but *very little happens to your brain*. Your mind *notices* your bodily high; you know you've been *changed* by the drug; you can be heard to exclaim, "Wow, this is strong"; you've been *changed* by the drug. But I'm sorry; you're just not high in the delicious, exhilarating, soaring, cerebral way real *marijuana* (i.e., *sativa*) gets you.

And even the bodily high isn't that great. It's not sexy. It's a powerful downer. In fact, I think it's so powerful in its glandular and endocrinologic effects that it may actually suppress sexual desire, or just shoulder it out of the way. Your body becomes like a vast beating heart/lung machine, and the sensual experience of all other organs can barely get their signals through that powerful carrier wave of *indica* intensity. And ask yourself: When was the last time you had an original or interest-

When was the last time you had an original or interesting idea on *indica*?

ing *idea* on *indica*? When was the last time you had an interesting insight about your life or the lives of those around you? When was the last time you had a high-spirited evening of infectious laughter with friends on *indica*, the kind that was so delightfully common in the early days of garden-variety *sativa* highs?

No, at most *indica*-sated gatherings, group activities tend to consist entirely of self-absorbed people sitting around saying, "Wow, I'm ripped"; "I'm paralyzed"; "I'm wrecked"; "I'm destroyed." Is that your idea of fun?

Well, I'm sick of it, and it's time that somebody said so and did something about it.

Now don't get me wrong. I don't blame the growers for this. They were giving consumers what they wanted and the consumers wanted something spectacular, something with a big, strong effect for the hundreds of dollars an ounce they were paying. And, after all, the stuff *looked* like *marijuana*, smoked like *marijuana*, tasted like it and there were some superficial resemblances to the high. But it just had *no head*. It had body, but no head. The headless horseman of highs, that's what it is.

And of course there were some economic advantages to growers offered by exclusively *indica* crops, like shorter growing seasons—often crucial in an atmosphere of repression and ripoffs. A kind of instantly convincing salability from superior cosmetics, bud-size, smell and beauty.

But I'm convinced the growers of America can still make a good living from raising and selling *sativa* alone. I'm convinced their hearts are in the right place, they want to do what's right for us, the individual recreational con-

sumers—the people who enjoy a good, relaxing, stimulating high after work, on weekends or in bed with their lovers. I'm convinced that the growers will react with outrage *at first*, and then see the wisdom of detoxifying the nation from the creeping plague of *indica* pot.

But, on the other hand, I could be wrong. I've tried persuasion before and it hasn't worked. Who knows, this column could cause a civil war between *sativa* and *indica* advocates in the *marijuana* growing world. But I'm convinced the cause is worth it whatever the odds.

When I tell people about my plans to call for a freeze on *indica*, most think it's a foolish, quixotic crusade. "You can't take on a billion-dollar industry, 'R,'" they tell me. "Even with all the respect you've built up over the years, even with your reputation as a devoted consumer cannabis advocate, the big growers are too strong, they're too deeply committed economically to their *indica* seed strains. They'll never go along."

But then I remind these skeptics of the humble origins of the anti-nuclear-power movement. It began with one defiant symbolic act. A young idealist named Sam Lovejoy toppled a power transmitting tower in the rural New Hampshire hills that was designed to carry power to the notorious Seabrook Nuclear Reactor. From that act, from the attention it generated, the entire mammoth, evil nuclear-power industry was slowly brought to a halt. Stopped dead in its tracks.

What I'm proposing is something more modest. I don't want to kill off the domestic ganja-growing industry. I have great admiration and respect for the courageous cannabis agronomists. I just think they've gone off on the wrong track and it's not too late to call a temporary halt, a freeze like the nuclear freeze, a time for debate and reassessment before it gets too late and the whole *indica* madness gets out of hand.

As for the long-awaited "Domestic Awards" ceremony, the eagerly awaited "Herbies" of the lower 48—as part of my contribution to the *indica* freeze, this year *only sativa* entries will be considered. What I'd like to encourage is a great outburst of creativity in *sativa* breeding, a flowering of the geniuses of grower psychoagronomy that will demonstrate the intrinsic superiority of *sativa* to all but the most utterly *indica*-wasted brains. Then, next year, after we come to our senses, I might be willing to consider judging some *sativa-indica* blends. But for now—the freeze is on. □

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A Milky Trails	2.00	5.00				25.00		40.00	60.00	110				600	1000	
B Pseudo Scent	2.00			11.00			29.00			110				600	1000	
C Ultra Scent	2.00		9.00			25.00		40.00	60.00	110				475	900	
D WL Incense	2.00					15.00				80.00				450	800	
E Super Scent	2.00		9.00			25.00		40.00	60.00	110				475	900	
F Summa Scent	2.00				11.00		29.00			110				600	1000	
G Superior Mannitol	2.00								9.00		15.00					
H WL Mannitol	2.00									9.00		17.00		30.00	50.00	
I WL Crystal Mannitol	2.00									9.00		17.00		35.00	70.00	
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THE PEASHOOTER PERPLEX PART III

Conclusion of a three-part investigation of the "look-alike" scandal: the Triple Combination scare that fizzled; and how anyone can still make a bundle on legal speed. by Dean Latimer

The great 1981 "look-alike" scare and crackdown had one salutary effect on the peashooter industry. It induced a lot of merchandisers to try and get around the new look-alike laws by ordering capsules and pills that were very painstakingly designed to look like no other medications under the sun. This is actually hard to do with any confidence, since there are so many thousands of patented medications in the world. But if one goes diligently through the *Physician's Desk Reference*, coding and cross-indexing all the colors and markings of the stimulants in it, one *can* come up with a few designs that haven't been previously patented by "legitimate" speed merchants. Once a person's done that, no "counterfeit" or "imitation" drug legislation can touch him, as long as he doesn't misrepresent the stuff as *real* speed to his buyers.

Now, as peashooter vendors since "Peashooter" Saye himself have known perfectly well, it's not only unnecessary to misrepresent peashooters as real speed, but it's downright inadvisable. In order to make buyers believe peashooters are real speed, you have to hike the price from around 30 cents to five bucks a hit; and then, after the sucker tries the stuff, he comes back and *murders* your burn-artist ass, which cuts just drastically into long-term profits. Virtually all peashooter consumers

have been perfectly aware, all along, that the stuff's not real speed, so why should they care whether it *looks* like real speed? As it happens, they really don't.

Drug Survival News, organ of the excellent drug-advice service "Do It Now," was one of the earliest sources to comment on the switch. "In spite of the fact that look-alikes achieved their initial popularity because users often mistook them for more desirable controlled substances," wrote *DSN* editor Jim Parker in early 1982, "they have remained popular because they happen to be the only stimulants around." Noting that one Wisconsin peashooter firm was now offering "white crosses," "black beauties" and "yellow jackets" that were neither white, black nor yellow, Parker wisecracked: "Now you can get your speeders in any color you want—as long as it's purple." Although they no longer looked like pharmaceutical speed at all, for the most part, peashooters had permanently established themselves by this time as "America's speed by default."

Drug Topics News, about the same time, discovered the same phenomenon, and were dreadfully upset by it. "Just as it seemed to have gotten the OTC look-alikes drug problem under control," they clucked, "the Food and Drug Administration is confronting it in a new guise—clandestinely manufactured 'up-

pers' and 'downers' that don't look like abusable drugs, but give a 'buzz' stronger than their look-alike forerunners of last year . . . It appears that look-alikes created a market for the OTC active ingredients that no longer relies on counterfeit capsules and tablets."

This had all the telltale makings of an incipient new dope scare to it. A "senior FDA Bureau of Drugs official" (otherwise anonymous) was telling *Drug Topics News*, mouthpiece of the APhA, that these new *non*-look-alikes were bound to be even more troublesome than out-and-out counterfeits. These allegedly new things were "beefed up," he claimed, and shilled to "teenagers" by "advertisements in drug-culture and youth-oriented publications." Mind you, the particular drug-culture publication you're reading (and do you know of any other?) had not run any peashooter ads for a year by this time, and had explained the whole PPA-caffeine-ephedrine ripoff in at *least* four different issues. Nor is there any way any peashooter vendor could beef up his preparations any fatter than the FDA's legally allowable limit; the suppliers won't pack any more than the legal limit into a pill or cap, for fear of surprise FDA quality-control inspections. There are no "street" peashooters any stronger than the stuff you can buy in drug-stores, and this senior official conceded



And while they were at it, the cops used the "forfeiture" provisions of the said act to seize 3,000 copies of HIGH TIMES magazine, "a publication popular with drug users."

as much when he said:

"The kids could get the same effects by using the legitimate products they can get in any drugstore, but they seem to prefer these."

Thus ensued the great "Triple Combination" dope scare of 1982, which fizzled so pathetically you were probably never properly scared by it. For months on end, press releases out of the DEA and FDA sought to horrify the press with dope-scare alarms about peashooters that mixed PPA and ephedrine and caffeine, calling it the Triple Combination, as though it were something new and deadly. Media response was indifferent, however, mainly because the Reaganauts, with their "parents" groups, had already peaked out the kids-and-drugs issue. Too many journalists had been burnt on too many bogus dope-scare stories for anyone to care to pick up on this Triple Combination bullshit—especially since this time, not a single coroner anywhere trotted out a single cadaver, of any age whatsoever, to back the scare up. Without at least a couple dead children, no dope scare is going to float at all anymore.

Not that the heat was off the FDA and DEA—far from it. In 1982, Republican senator Gordon Humphrey discovered the peashooter market, which was by then purveying some 30 million doses per week, out of about 150 mail-order outlets. Though the DEA, just the previous September, had claimed to have battered back peashooter profits from \$30 million per month to just \$5 million, by spring 1982 it appeared that the previous summer's scare-and-crackdown

might just as well never have happened. So Senator Humphrey was submitting to Congress a bill to ban from the U.S. mails any "drug-abuse-oriented advertisement," and any "shipment of imitation controlled substances in response to a drug-abuse-oriented advertisement." This sort of Houyhnhnm viciousness can be easily redirected from harmless targets—such as "drug-culture magazines"—and turned straight onto federal regulatory agencies, and it can happen in a *minute*. Clearly a new gesture at cracking down was coming due.

Hence this talk about peashooters being suddenly beefed up by their makers, and the deadly Triple Combination. It was an absolute sham, since all along, most mail-order peashooters had contained the legal limit of caffeine, PPA and ephedrine; but it had to be made to *sound* like a new thing, in order to have any potential scare effect at all. The only respect in which the Triple Combination was "new," however, was by the FDA's sudden in-house determination, in spring 1982, that caffeine-PPA-ephedrine was a "new drug," somehow. Henceforth, no one could merchandise caffeine-PPA-ephedrine without applying for a "new drug" permit, a permit the FDA can bestow or withhold at its pleasure.

And as soon as the FDA had done this, they sent letters out to the 16 main industrial capsule-fillers who provision the peashooter industry. The Triple Combination, these firms were warned, is "not generally recognized among experts... as safe and effective for use," and has "no medical rationale." In view

of the "highly suspect marketing history" of Triple Combination peashooters, the FDA was inviting these firms to cease and desist—within 10 days—if they knew what was good for them.

So the ephedrine went. No great loss: the stuff only gave people an extra added stimulant buzz for a couple hours anyhow, and then ceased to operate. For people who managed to get any agreeable effect at all out of peashooters, it's unlikely they'd ever miss the damned ephedrine.

Even the "raids" this time, enacted after a decent interval in July, were pretty lackluster. The marshals raided three peashooter makers, in New York and Florida. Even the federal press releases were muted, saying only that the feds had "seized" the following: "over one million finished capsules and tablets as well as machinery used in their manufacture valued at more than \$100,000." They didn't even impound a decent capsule filler this time.

Since very few papers picked up on this one, you probably never heard of the Triple Combination scare. The only look-alike bust to make decent press that month was a raid on a shop called Little Pleasures, in Des Moines, wherein the owner was hit for selling a brand of mentholated tobacco snuff—Fiord, in fact—which the local cops said, "appears to look like marijuana." That was the honest-to-God justification for the raid, under Iowa's newly passed DEA Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act. And while they were at it, the cops used the "forfeiture" provisions of the said act to seize 3,000 copies of HIGH TIMES magazine, "a publication popular with drug users." The guy actually had a rack on which all the HIGH TIMES covers were mounted, from the first issue to July 1982, and they took that too, and he had to sue to get it back.

And that's what the whole Look-alike Menace, from 1979 to 1982, was all about. It helped keep the DEA and FDA's fat out of the fire with the neo-conservatives; it passed a whole lot of new, special "drug" laws which local authorities can now use to hassle small businesses out of operation; and it taught the peashooter people that they



really don't have to counterfeit real speed in order to make a lot of money. In fact, if you've ever been tempted to make a million dollars at home in your spare time, the peashooter industry right now is *exactly* the way to do that.

Get Rich Quick!

You could do lots worse than follow in the footsteps of Robert Occhifinto of New Jersey. Robert is 21 years old now. Last August, when the police raided Robert's two speed boutiques—the Netcong Vitamin Emporiums, in Netcong and Woodbridge—they discovered a mess of peashooters worth \$1 million to \$3 million “on the street.” Whatever that may mean in real terms, it suggests that this kid, at 20, had already made more money than most of his chums from Lenape Valley Regional High School will ever make in their lives, all told.

Robert got into the business, in fact, while he was still in Lenape, at age 16. Over the four years he was in peashooters, Robert did not merely run the two vitamin emporiums. He also ran a thriving mail-order trade in peashooters, which he ordered by the bin from some Long Island pill makers, and mailed out to customers in consignments of hundreds and thousands through the local post office. To get these customers, Robert ran very pretty peashooter ads in *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Hustler* and *Hot Shot*. “Stimulant Specialists” was his catchy tag line.

Oh, the police got him in the end, for sure. LAWYERS SHUT DOWN PHONY PILL OPERATION! bawled the headline in the *Daily Record* of northwest New Jersey last summer. What's a “phony pill,” you're asking by this time? Well, in fact, none of Robert Occhifinto's pills *were* phony, in the sense of being made up to look like previously patented drugstore medications. Nor did he pretend, to anyone, that his pills had anything in them besides caffeine and phenylpropanolamine. In fact, every single time Robert sold a batch of pills, over the counter or through mail order, he was very careful to label, package and seal the said pills according to stringent federal regulations, and to include with

each batch all the required information regarding contents, indications, contraindications, recommended dosage and side effects.

The police got him though, yes sir. The very week after the Newark legislature passed a DEA Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act, the Jersey state cops raided his two speed boutiques and impounded everything. They did this because, they said, under their understanding of the wording of this rather foggy new law, Robert *ought* to have known that some of the people to whom he sold peashooters would *probably* violate the law by taking the said peashooters out of their rightful containers, and reselling them without the proper labeling and consumer-protection information. Yes sir, the police said they believed they had Robert Occhifinto dead to rights.

After four years in the peashooter racket, though, young Robert ought to be able to afford a decent attorney. All an attorney would have to do in such a case would be to point out that the prosecution can't *prove* Robert had any solid reason to expect that any of his buyers were going to break the law. As long as Robert himself dutifully fulfilled his legal obligations—packaging, labeling, inserting the consumer-protection information—and providing he never sold any peashooters to anyone who said they *intended* to break the law with them, then Robert ought to walk right out of this one, get all his property returned and go straight back to business if he wants to. As far as the law's concerned—even the DEA's foggy new peashooter law—Robert Occhifinto has committed no more crimes than the stockholders of Thompson Medical or Smith Kline Beckman. In fact, he has probably committed lots *fewer* crimes, in his young life, than any single one of those awful people.

You yourself, reading this page here, could make a perfectly legal bundle off the peashooter trade. It's nothing hard at all—it's certainly easier than *working* for a living—and there's barely any legal heat anymore, especially in jurisdictions where the cops have already tried to enforce the DEA's impossible

peashooter act.

In fact, the last noteworthy lawman to really raise hell over peashooters was Illinois attorney general Tyrone Fahner, and look what happened to *this* poor guy. Last autumn, in the wake of the pathetic Triple Combination scare-and-crackdown, Fahner buttonholed a likely AP reporter, Margaret Scherf, and fed her a perfect overdose of peashooter horrors. “Fourteen people,” he guaranteed her, “all under the age of twenty-two,” had been killed by peashooters, maybe in just the last few *weeks*, Fahner let on. “There have been more deaths linked to look-alikes,” he lied, “than to real amphetamines.” Without a *federal* version of the DEA model act, Fahner swore, “Many more young people will die, and a group of low-life merchants will continue to profit at the expense of our young people.” Scherf's story, which billed peashooters as “the fastest-growing and most deadly drug problem in the country,” was syndicated far and wide, getting this ambitious young attorney general's face in papers coast to coast.

If you missed that one, not to worry; you undoubtedly *did* see Fahner's face all over your telly, for weeks on end, when a month after this, nine people in Chicago truly did drop dead from poisoned red-and-white capsules. It was Fahner's job, as Illinois attorney general, to stalk down the “Tylenol Killer.” Despite daily, and sometimes thrice-daily press conferences, Fahner never even began to get close. Dangerous pills and television are wonderful things for aspiring politicians, but in Fahner's case it cut both ways; on the first Tuesday in November, with the Tylenol Killer still at large, the horrified voters of Illinois chucked Fahner clean out of the public trough.

At just about exactly the same time, both the FDA and DEA were flatly repudiating the Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act in Washington, D.C. “We are trying to solve this problem through leadership,” the DEA's Gene Haislip very carefully advised a House subcommittee which had been fooling with the idea of making the DEA's model act a federal statute. “If we can't



solve the problem through state laws, then we might need to do it at a federal level, but that's not yet clear." The DEA's horror of having to track down peashooter vendors—Fahner's "low-life" types, peddling pills and caps for 30 cents or so per hit—was very clear indeed, though.

"In summary, we must oppose the enactment of section 303(a)," the FDA told Tip O'Neill, "which would . . . create criminal penalties for the manufacture and distribution of 'look-alike' drugs, because this provision would require undercover activities in the area of clandestine 'street' drug abuse which would be well beyond the established mission and expertise of the Food and Drug Administration." The FDA's Joseph Wile, speaking to the House narcotics-control panel, even conceded the absurdity of the FDA's own "counterfeiting" regulation: "We would be prohibiting any two drugs from resembling one another in appearance." Since it's always been hard to tell Ionamin "yellow jackets" from little yellow Nembutals, Wile officially termed such counterfeiting statutes "unworkable and, on balance, undesirable."

This put the feds out of the peashooter industry pretty solidly, and probably permanently. And if policing peashooters is too much of a headache for the feds, it's hardly likely to be any easier for state or local cops. Even under the terms of the model act, as long as nobody tries to move out-and-out counterfeit pills and capsules, no one can be busted except for the "street" dealer, the person at the very end of the pipe, who takes the stuff out of its properly labeled container and peddles it to the consumer; and even *this* low-life dirt bag has to be caught pretending the stuff is real speed in order for any "look-alike" charge to stick.

So, to make a million dollars on peashooters, at home in one's spare time, all anyone really has to do is get in touch with one of those capsule-filling companies the feds keep raiding in such a strangely courteous and gentle fashion. We will not run a list of them here, since we owe them no favors at all; you can ask the FDA for their own hit list, while filling out the perfunctory paperwork needed to set yourself up as a perfectly legitimate, incorporated pharmaceuticals wholesaler.

These cap-and-pill companies, according to New York physician John Morgan—who's researching the peashooter phenomenon under a federal grant—will make very sure you don't get busted under any "counterfeit" or

"look-alike" ordinances, simply by refusing to sell you any caps or pills that remotely resemble any previously trademarked medications. These are not clandestine bathtub operators; they're completely legitimate businesses, duly licensed and chartered, and they know the laws as well as the DEA does.

They ought to, actually. Most of the bigger ones are located in central Pennsylvania, around Lewistown, a region that has a curious history in regard to commercial stimulants. John Wilder, the DEA agent in charge of their Philadelphia office in 1980 (a period during which their *top* Philadelphia agent was stripped of his gun and badge by the Justice Department's "integrity" shoo-flies), revealed that year that Pennsylvania's Delaware Valley had been the site of the first Mafia methedrine labs which sprang up in response to the nationwide speed drought 10 years ago. So there are at least a few people in that region, it would seem, who have known the national stimulant market, aboveboard *and* clandestine, for quite some time now.

However, over the last four years of peashooter crackdowns, the feds have never so much as hinted that any of these drug-supply firms might be affiliated in any way with "La Cosa Nostra," as the feds like to call it. The FDA, when asked about it, will say peashooting is definitely *not* a Mob activity. So it would seem as safe and wholesome to do business with these people as to do business with Thompson and Smith Kline (for what that's worth).

According to Dr. John Morgan, all these companies flatly refuse to put out black beauties, yellow jackets, speckled birds, purple hearts or any other sort of technical look-alike. When ordering wholesale quantities of peashooters from them, therefore, it's probably best to take whatever they've got on hand. It's easier that way, and it really doesn't make any difference, anyhow. "I've had people who said they didn't get a buzz from a yellow capsule and only wanted a black capsule," a look-alike dealer in Des Moines once told a confounded reporter, "but others said the opposite, when they were all exactly the same ingredients." Thanks to this magical placebo effect, individual customers always will prefer one particular dose-unit design of the same drug over all other designs. This is the main reason why Thompson Medical produces four varieties of PPA-and-caffeine diet aids, and you would do well, yourself, to order at least three different peashooter designs; the customer al-

ways likes to be offered a choice, even if it's all the same dreck.

As for dosages, it would probably be best to leave that matter up to your supplier as well. FDA regulations allow 150 milligrams of PPA per dose unit, but ordinarily only in a "time-release" formulation like Contac, to be taken once per day for hay fever; for "diet aids," they recommend 25-milligram doses, to be taken thrice daily. As for caffeine content, that *can* touch 375 milligrams per dose, but people reportedly prefer lower concentrations, as a regular thing, since the top concentrations can promote flatulence. It really is best to leave these matters up to your suppliers, along with the requisite printed matter: indications, contraindications, effects and side effects, recommended doses and so on. Since these suppliers are watched like a hawk by the FDA, subject to surprise quality-control inspections and book audits and so on, you can be confident they'll follow the letter of the law in *all* their dealings, even with you.

So once you've done the FDA paperwork, and you've got a few bins of peashooters in your garage, and a few more bins due you on contract, then you're in business. Your next job is to take the pills and caps out of the bins and carefully count them out into their jars and vials, making sure each dispensing unit gets a proper count, is properly labeled and clearly offers the proper consumer information. About the only way you can possibly get in legal trouble is by failing to properly do these simple things.

Oh, there are other ways to *possibly* get in trouble. Since you have to regularly resell these things by hundreds, or even thousands, you'll have to rustle up a lot of "retailers." These you can recruit by advertising in magazines: *TV Guide* and the *National Enquirer* run peashooter ads nowadays, along with the women's magazines, the men's magazines, rock 'n' roll magazines and even "magazines such as *HIGH TIMES*," whatever they may be. Now, *possibly* you could get popped by the Federal Trade Commission if you were dumb enough to advertise your peashooters as a "sure cure" for obesity, or whatever. In advertising, for once, honesty really is the best policy; as long as the stuff contains caffeine and/or PPA, then it technically is a "legal stimulant," even if it's not a *euphoriant*. Since most people in this drug-ignorant country believe that any stimulant tablet or capsule has to also convey a high, you can bill your stuff as "legal stimulants" and depend on the

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POSTCARD FROM PALENQUE

They only dug it out of the jungle a hundred years ago.

When the mud was finally washed off the white limestone temples and sculptures, they were astonished. In A.D. 600 it had been a city of love and enlightenment. A man named Pa Kal had been its ruler, for a long and peaceful reign. There were bas-reliefs within the temples showing him teaching the people... showing the people making love... and the howler monkeys from the jungle consorting with the people. Many of the decorative figures were modeled on the Sacred Mushroom that flourished in their humid fields. Pa Kal himself was found entombed at the center of the pyramid beneath the Temple of the Inscriptions, a jade death mask with two staring seashell eyes placed over his skull. The top of the limestone slab that sealed the sarcophagus was engraved with a bas-relief showing Pa Kal the god-king suspended between Heaven and Earth—the people's connection: a redeemer, who had taught them how to generate paradise in an environment of swarming death. Four hundred years after that, the city was already reclaimed by the jungle, its population vanished. But the howler monkeys are still there.

The question remains:

Where did the energy come from—
the stupendous amount of energy needed to haul these
early Mayas out of the black muck of the tropical jungles and place them at
one of the pinnacles of mankind's effort to live together in peace?

And then—where did the energy go?







AW, 'DEM LEAVES

What should a conservation-minded grower do with all that surplus leaf: Mulch it? Smoke it? Extract hash oil from it? Use it as a filtration medium? It's up to you, but whatever you do, don't throw it away.

Dear Ed:

This year I had my biggest harvest to date: over 151 pounds of primo purple hair bud from 10 of my own Colombo-Oaxacan hybrids. But I also collected seven pounds of leaf and buds from male plants (which I cut down when the buds were about to open), three pounds of fallen leaf, seven pounds of upper and lower leaf and three pounds of bud leaf. What should I do with this stuff? My friends say it's better to use it as a mulch.

—Sinsemilla Dan
Little Rock, Ark.

Mulching leaf is a waste of good highs. Although the leaf is high in nutrients, its THC will be broken down by next growing season and will not be picked up by the new plants.

You may find the upper leaf of a mature plant quite potent. At the University of Mississippi, where they grow pot for the government, the "cigarettes" are made from leaf because the buds are too sticky and would gum up their rolling machine. Some people experience an especially "airy or spacy" high from male bud areas. Marijuana which is harsh—such as fallen leaf—or too weak to smoke, can be made into oil, used to cook with or even imbibed in alcohol.

The best description of grass-oil extraction that I have seen is found in *Hash Oil at Home—A Connoisseur's Guide to Home Oil Extraction*, published by Tri-Harvest Company. It may no longer be available. They show how to use petroleum ether and low-heat distillation to separate THC from plant material. Expect yields of 12–60 grams of 30 percent oil per pound of grass.

Jim, in Rockville, Connecticut, has

another solution:

Dear Ed:

Long before my plants ever budded, we began to smoke leaves. Not only because of finances, but also to test for potency, taste, etc. We found that the potency was good, almost as good as the local commercial Colombian, sometimes better. But the taste of those leaves was something else. We tried every method you described, and everything else we could think of, but the best taste we got was that of the freshly (but slowly) dried leaves with no curing. We hate earthy weed! But after a while my wife and I agreed that we liked the nutty taste of the roaches much better than any other flavor we had ever gotten from those leaves. Since the quality was always right up there, we weren't about to throw any away.

Where I worked, the toilet paper came on cardboard tubes with plastic ends on them, which made a shaft for the roll. These plastic ends were perfect for a carburetor tube, and even held a standard-size pipe screen perfectly. I usually taped two ends together, so that the whole thing was nine inches long. I found that by filling the whole tube with cut-up leaf, not only was the fresh leaf in that tube mellowed by the smoke flowing through it, but the smoke itself was nicely filtered by the leaf in the tube, like a water pipe. The effect can be varied by using lightly or tightly packed leaf; and the cooling and flavoring effect can be changed by using wet or fresh dry leaf. The dryness and freshness will also affect the end flavor of the weed being dried and cured in the tube. Friends of mine into sinse initially wouldn't even try the leaf, but after I processed it this way, they wanted to cop some..

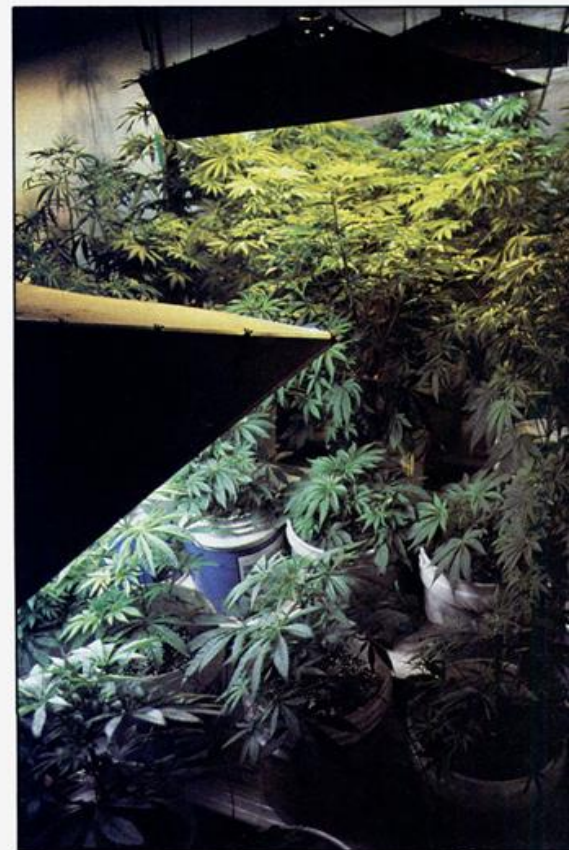
Thanks for sharing your information

with us. You're right! It certainly is worth a try, and it definitely makes testing immature plants more palatable.

Dear Ed:

Have you ever heard of root pruning? A friend of mine told me that this was an effective method for bigger and better plants.

—J.B.
Fort Walton Beach, Fla.



Garden of the Month. Three lights—two metal halides and one sodium vapor in the middle—light this 8' x 16' area. Plants here are about 35 days after sowing. Sizes range from 1½'–3'.

Depending on which roots are pruned, the technique can merely shock the plants and retard growth for a while, or it can severely damage the plant so that it never recovers.

The roots are delicate, and when they are injured, their ability to provide water and nutrients for the plant is

hampered. If the roots are severely damaged and the plant is under environmental stress from heat or bright light, the plant may die.

Dear Ed:

I have two questions. For maximum yield, how far apart should my plants be

planted? Is it good to introduce earthworms into my potting soil?

—Boss

Seattle, Wash.

Marijuana plants vary tremendously in size. Some plants at maturity are only a few feet tall and other varieties regularly grow two or three times as tall. Plants vary just as much in breadth. Because of these factors, as well as whether you are growing under natural or artificial light, it is hard to say what the ideal spacing is for each plant to reach its potential.

Actually, you may not get the highest yield by letting each plant grow as large as it can.

Commercial growers usually wish to maximize their total yield. This can best be accomplished by spacing the plants closer together so that all of the space is used. Each plant will be smaller, but the total crop weight will be larger.

Earthworms are probably best left outside. They are very sensitive to their environment, and soil conditions in a container are very different from outdoor life. When fertilizers are added, the conditions may become so hostile to earthworms that they'll die.

Their benefits to the plant in a container are open to question because they may disturb the plant's limited root system while they aerate the soil.

If you do decide to use earthworms in your potting mixture, use a domesticated variety that will survive room temperatures. Common night crawlers need a lower temperature to survive. Earthworms require a moist soil with near neutral Ph, and need food in the form of a very rich humusy soil with the occasional addition of earthworm food or cornmeal.

Dear Ed:

Would land that has been used to dump septic-tank waste be a good place for growing? It has been 10 years since anything has been dumped there and weeds are growing now.

—R.S.

Battle Creek, Mich.

If the dump was used only for organic septic wastes, it should be a fertile place for cultivation with plenty of nutrients and organic matter. However, you should make sure that the land was

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From Sean of Central Valley, California, comes the Bud of the Month. "A South African-Mexican cross. This was the top of an indoor plant. The plant had excellent taste and was fast-growing."



Small garden under fluorescents. Terry, in Michigan, has been growing in this no-hassle garden for several generations (of plants, that is). She says her garden yields excellent smoke. The plants look happy, too.

THE FIVE STRANGEST

Step right up, folks!
See the Museum
for Retired
Ventriloquist
Dummies! The
world's largest bull!
The Corn Palace!
The second
smallest church
anywhere! The
monkey orphan-
age! America,
you're beautiful!
by James Boylan



You won't find the World's Largest Chicken in Moscow. No way. You can search from Minsk to Pinsk and still come up empty-handed. No sir, if you want to find the World's Largest Chicken, you'll have to go to Riverhead, Long Island, about a half-hour's drive from the Monkey Orphanage, and there, 50 feet tall, you'll find Quacky.

Another thing you won't find in Moscow is the Museum of Also-Rans. That's in Kansas. Nor will you find the headquarters of the Skunk Club in Kiev. That's in Manhattan. The Semen Museum is just north of Milwaukee. The Turtle Races are in Minnesota. The World's Largest Coffeepot is in Stanton, Iowa. And the Museum for Retired Ventriloquist Dummies is in Fort Mitchell, Kentucky.

There's a reason these wonders are on this side of the Atlantic, and it has something to do with the springs that spin the gears in the clockworks of America. In the United States people may dream their dreams out loud and not worry about waking anyone. If you happen to have the World's Largest Monopoly Board (Brooks Park, Ohio), don't keep it inside, man, put it out there on the front yard and charge your neighbors admission! What could be more American than the Palace of Corn, or Albert, the World's Largest Bull?

What follows, then, is a fond collection, a veritable Hall of Fame, of the Cream of American Extraneosity. In preparing this article, I have traveled around the country doing extensive research. One obser-

PLACES IN AMERICA



vation: most of these places are in the Midwest. Not only that, but Iowa alone is the home of Albert the Bull (Audubon), the World's Largest Coffeepot (and by the way, it holds six and a half million cups), the Second Smallest Church (Iowa City) and the annual Beard Contest (Exira).

What's going on? Don't people have enough to do out there?

My suspicion is that it has something to do with hogs. There are an estimated 14 million known hogs in Iowa, according to the Department of Agriculture, and only two million human beings. That's seven hogs per person. What can one person do, with seven hogs watching him or her all day? No wonder folks get a little jittery. Quite possibly, the construction of giant coffeepots and miniature churches is just

a ruse to get people's minds off the hogs.

One thing is for sure: the people that build and maintain these pinpoints of eccentricity are proud people, proud of what they do, and unconcerned that others might think them slightly skewed. In a country in which, "She's not like the rest of us," is the highest praise one can give a stranger, strangeness is hardly shameful. To be strange is to be as American as the World's Largest Apple Pie. Which, by the way, is in Chicago.

—James Boylan

Wood-Be Heroes

FORT MITCHELL, KENTUCKY—The curator of the Museum for Retired Ventriloquist Dummies sounded a little sad when she said, "I have to cut things

short today. I have to go down to the Cincinnati airport and pick up Farfel."

I asked, "Who's Farfel?"

"He's the puppet the Nestle's Quick people used about ten years ago in their commercials. Looks like a beagle. To tell you the truth, it's not the real Farfel I'm getting. It's a duplicate Farfel."

A place of honor is all ready for the duplicate Farfel inside the Vent Haven Museum in Fort Mitchell. A shiny plaque has been installed beneath an empty shelf. The plaque says: FARFEL.

Five hundred dummies, 500 stories. There's Tommy Knots, whose owner, Frank Gabby, hanged himself in 1926. There's a photograph of the transvestite ventriloquist who almost starved to death before he started cross-dressing in the 1930s. There are several dummies once used by Vernon, the blind ventriloquist—who strung a black thread from the wings to the stage in order to hide his blindness. And on a plaque on the wall is a photograph of the dummy who almost choked the night they spiked the Great Lester's ginger ale.

"The Great Lester was the most famous 'vent' of his day," Dorothy Mil-lure, the curator, explained. "He could smoke cigars or drink water, anything—and you'd never see his lips move. One night the members of the band—they'd always have a stage band in those days—put whiskey in the glass he drank out of. When he swallowed, he didn't miss a beat—the dummy swooned and gagged, and acted drunk for the rest of the performance. The band couldn't believe it. They gave him a standing ovation."

But why a museum for ventriloquist dummies? "Well, you have to understand ventriloquists," she said patiently. "They're jealous, insanely jealous, and some of them are afraid someone will steal their figures [dummies] after they die. So instead, they give them to the museum, or at least most of them do. Some vents still prefer to have their figures buried with them."

The dummies are arranged in three different bungalows. In one bungalow they sit in chairs set up like an auditorium; in another they sit in gigantic bleachers, like spectators at a basketball game; in a third they rest behind wooden railings and glass cases. The museum is eerily quiet.

"People ask me if I hear them making noise at night. It's strange, I don't find them scary at all. I find them beautiful.

Vent Haven can give you the creeps. It's a little like watching the dead loll around in their jammies.



I know there are a lot of movies about figures being evil, but fortunately I haven't seen those movies."

The Vent Haven Museum was started in 1947 by W.S. Berger, an amateur ventriloquist and snake charmer, and, incidentally, chairman of the board of the Cambridge Tile Company in Cincinnati. He collected dummies until he started running out of places to put them. He had the bungalows built, and set up a trust fund to support the museum. Today, 10 years after his death, Vent Haven is the national headquarters for America's ventriloquists.

In addition to the dummies, there are photographs, posters, talking canes, talking bottles and a large jar of formaldehyde with a boa constrictor inside rolled up like a fire hose. "That belonged to Mr. Berger. It's kind of our memorial to him."

Each of the dummies has a card around its neck. The card tells the tale of the figure, what it is made out of, who performed with it and what it can do. A typical card says: LITTLE JOE. 42 INCHES. PLASTIC & WOOD. METAL CONTROL LEVERS FOR MOUTH, PROTRUDING TONGUE, UPPER LIP, WINK, EYES ROLL, EYEBROW, CRADLE MOVEMENT. DRESSED AS A SAILOR. MADE BY MCELROY BROS., USED BY MUMFORD PLATT, DECEASED.

One corner of the museum holds the Shipwreck Dummies, originally owned by Wilby Wood, a well-known vaudevillian. Wood died in a shipwreck in the

Gulf of Mexico in the 1920s. The dummies floated around the Gulf in a trunk for a while until they finally washed up on a beach in Texas. The trunk was found and shipped to Wood's widow in New England. The widow was horrified—she had always been a dummy-hater, and by this time she had taken to blaming the figures for her husband's death. The trunk was dispatched to a relative's attic where it remained until the 1970s. When the trunk was finally opened, the figures were all in one pile, gray and slightly mildewed, but with their eyes wide open.

They smell a little like the sea.

There is a large female figure that can turn into a grandfather clock. There is a dummy that has a miniature dummy of its own. There is a gigantic dummy used by a short ventriloquist who pretended that he was the dummy in the act. There are dummies that can raise their eyebrows, move their hair, stick out their tongues, wink and wiggle their ears. One of them looks like Jimmy Carter.

It's hard not to feel a little nervous at Vent Haven. Five hundred sets of hard-boiled-egg eyes look at you with the pregnant expression bloodhounds assume when you ask them a difficult question. But these dummies ain't saying nothing. The people who put their hands up their necks are long gone. No doubt about it, Vent Haven can give you the creeps. It's a little like watching

the dead loll around in their jammies.

As I left the museum, I saw that a sign had been put up out front.

The sign said: WELCOME FARFEL.

Taking the Bull by the...

AUDUBON, IOWA—If the folks in Audubon had known all the trouble Albert was going to cause, they probably wouldn't have built him. Albert's a bull—the world's largest bull.

Originally, Albert was built by a local bank to promote "T-Bone Days"—the annual roundup of the livestock onto the trains bound for Chicago. The cows aren't loaded in Audubon anymore, so Albert's presence has become more a spiritual thing than anything else. He's 40 feet tall, 75 feet long and has beautiful brown eyes. He stands in the midst of a green spot of land called Albert Park, which makes sense.

But he's been a source of controversy since he was built, and the present problems can't improve his standings any. One farmer told me, "Some old maids don't like the fact that he's a bull, not a steer. But he's a bull, all right. Hoo boy."

And that's the crux of the crisis. Albert's testicles are at least six feet long and tend to stand out when they're painted red, white and blue.

So Audubon stands by on a perpetual "Albert Watch." The fire department has to be ready to paint Albert's testicles a neutral shade. At present they're beige.

Any clues on the perpetrators? "We think it's some kids," said the farmer. "They booze it up and smoke a lot of pot and before you know it, they head straight for Albert."

Welcome to the Corn Palace

MITCHELL, SOUTH DAKOTA—It's pretty hard to miss the Corn Palace. Of course, it's pretty hard to miss anything in South Dakota. The state's highways are punctuated with signs like:

LIFE OF CHRIST WAX MUSEUM: 50 Miles VISIT REPTILE GARDENS (They're family approved.)

PAN YOUR OWN GOLD AT THE DAKOTA MINE

COSMOS: ANTI-GRAVITY MYSTERY FOR THE FAMILY

GOLDEN SPIKE AND HIHO MOTEL: Next Exit

WALL DRUG: Free Ice Water

Next to Wall Drug, and the ineluctable Mount Rushmore, the Corn Palace is the most well-advertised spot in Coyote State. We are warned of

the Corn Palace's proximity for miles and miles until—whamo! *There it is.* And what do we find when we finally pull off the highway into Mitchell, home of the Corn Palace, as well as George McGovern?

Well, friends, as the song says, it's a place made of corn, millions and millions of multicolored cobs nailed into porous walls, creating mosaics, murals and signs. As if this weren't amazing enough, they redesign the murals every fall. It's beautiful, in a stupid kind of way.

Beyond being a palace made of corn, the Corn Palace's main occupation is promoting itself, selling Corn Palace T-shirts and entertaining visitors in its tourist gallery. The gallery is filled with 52 books, on little tables, one book for each state, plus one marked "Canada" and another marked "United Nations." Tourists are encouraged to sign their names, give their hometowns and add their comments.

I visited the Corn Palace late on the night of a lunar eclipse. The Palace was deserted and slightly eerie, with rain falling down outside and an endless tape loop telling the story of the C.P. inside. ("And so the forefathers of Mitchell decided to build a palace of corn bigger than any other corn palace anywhere.")

These are the comments left by various travelers in the Corn Palace on the night of the lunar eclipse:

New Mexico

1. This is a bad place.
2. I think it's stupid.

West Virginia

1. Very good.
2. It was very nice.

Delaware

1. Stinks.

Arizona

1. I've seen better.
2. Absolutely fantastic. I love it.
3. Liked it very much.

Alaska

1. This place sucks.
2. It's very pretty.

New York

1. Boring.
2. Makes me happy.
3. Corn palace?
4. Well, that's South Dakota for you.

United Nations

1. "Different"—Fredrik Odeen, Sweden.
2. "Horrible"—Ann Rennie, New Zealand.
3. "I am very glad to be here with my family."—Jawed Asfaque, Pakistan.

The Lord's (Second Smallest) House

IOWA CITY—Everybody knows the world's smallest church is up in Festina, Iowa, but the second smallest church is right here in Iowa City. And the church in widow Kobes's backyard is made out of rocks and cement and dishes and empty bottles of Mrs. Butterworth's syrup, which is more than the folks in Festina can say.

John Kobes has been dead these past six years, but his little church, actually a church-grotto, lives on. The grounds adjacent to widow Kobes's old wooden house look a little like a miniature golf course, replete with cemented windmills, towers, rock gardens and a glass showcase which contains shells, trophies, a reindeer with a red light bulb for a nose, a rooster and a sign that says: ELANOR ANSTEY: DEMOCRAT FOR SENATOR. Like the church, these too are all John Kobes's creations.

The church was built in 1964. Made out of stones, shoes, dishes, mirrors, bottles, pebbles (and virtually everything else John Kobes could think of), the mirrors in the grotto sparkle when the sunlight hits them.

Inside the church, which can fit all the way up to three people at once, is a note from Mrs. Kobes: "John loved life. He did so much for everyone. We had 56 beautiful years together. This yard—in its beauty—reminds us of him. He worked at it in pain and suffering for three years. We all miss him, but his dying words were: 'Christ is the answer to all our problems.'"

Also inside the church is a poem from Kobes's niece:

*My uncle has a little church
It's pretty as can be.
Whenever I visit it
It seems to smile at me.
It has a pool beside it
Which sizzles very spicely.
I think the fish inside it
Fit it very nicely.*

Some people get mad when they see the little church. These are the people who don't understand what got into John Kobes. They don't see why a sensible fellow would pile up bottles of Old Spice and forks and spoons and make a church out of them. But John Kobes, whose son, Wayne, is a clergyman, read his Old Testament. Right there in Zechariah, Chapter 4, the Lord promises all men great rejoicing on the Day of Small Things.

Little Orphan Bonzo

SMITHTOWN, LONG ISLAND—Probably the hardest thing about running a monkey orphanage is getting up at dawn every day to make them French toast for breakfast. The monkeys bounce up and down and scream and shake the bars of their cages as Vivian and Mary Kurtz prepare 25 servings of fish sticks, French toast, and cream-cheese sandwiches.

The Long Island Simian Sanctuary is located near Smithtown, Long Island. It is a nonprofit organization. The home of the Kurtz sisters looks a lot like any other house on this suburban street, unless one peeks into the backyard. There



stands the monkey house where the majority of the orphans live out their days.

A few of them are kept in the people house, however, because they are either sick or "just psychotic." These apes who are under pressure live in cages and grab at your feet if you step too close.

"I don't know why monkeys always bite people," Vivian says.

"It's because they're vicious, Vivian," Mary explains. "Most of them are just plain mean."

They speak with disdain of chimpanzees. "They are too much bother," says Mary. "We used to have a chimpanzee, but it suffocated in its bedclothes. A grown chimp is five feet tall. Where are we going to put a grown chimp? We just don't have the facilities."

The orphans come from all over—from broken homes, from monkey abusers, from people whom the Kurtzes describe as "sick" or "just dumb."

"People find out they aren't good pets," Mary says. "They have them for a few months and then they want to get rid of them."

"Where is a monkey supposed to go?" Mary asks. "Sometimes monkey owners get a divorce, and they can't decide who gets custody of the monkey. So they come here."

"You can't take them to the humane society," Vivian adds. "The humane society puts them to sleep. You can't take them to zoos. Zoo monkeys have whole pecking orders. A new monkey will get beaten. Starve."

The orphanage started 20 years ago when the Kurtzes got their first monkey, Bimbo. Within a few years they were taking in over 15 orphans a year. The number of homeless monkeys, though, is decreasing, since the practice of selling them as pets in stores has been outlawed. Nowadays the Kurtzes only receive about six orphans per year.

Tony, for instance, is a woolly monkey who has "cage paralysis." His owner, a psychiatrist, committed suicide.

"Now the doctor's dead, and the monkey's alive," Vivian says. "Crazy world."

Bambi, the oldest monkey, at 13 years, is also the most vicious. "But they're all vicious," Mary adds.

Susie is the best behaved of all the orphans. The Kurtzes found her in a pet store 10 years ago. A veteran of two high-school productions of *Inherit the Wind*, she has also appeared on "Captain Kangaroo." Mary speaks of the experience as if recalling a bitter memory:

"Mr. Green Jeans just grabbed her

The church is made out of rocks and cement and dishes and empty bottles of Mrs. Butterworth's syrup.



and ran in front of the camera. I think he frightened her."

"I like monkeys better than children," says Vivian. "When I close the door on the monkeys, that's it. A child is endless bother."

At present, the Kurtzes house five different kinds of monkeys: woollys, spiders, squirrels, capuchins and macaques. They all have names, except for the squirrel monkeys: the Kurtzes don't seem as interested in them.

The other monkeys' names are: Joey, Tommy, Gideon, Henry, Cheetah, Little Kong, Coco, Wooley-wooley, Guy, Sue-sue, Susie, Candy, Joey (again), Louie, Jennifer, Louie (again), Maxine, Gretel, Butch, Bambi, Tony, Charlene, Artie and Fifi.

When the monkeys die, they are buried in cement in the backyard. Mary estimates there are "thirty or forty" monkeys buried out back. Only one of the graves has a headstone, however—it's Bimbo's, the Kurtzes' all-time favorite. Mary produces a cellophane bag containing pictures of Bimbo's funeral, circa 1969. Bimbo is lying in state in a hand-crafted pink casket, his arms entwined round his favorite toys.

"When a woolly monkey dies, part of me goes with him," Mary says.

"We don't give them toys anymore,"

Vivian adds. "They chew them up and choke on them."

Once the monkeys come to the orphanage, they rarely leave, because foster parents for monkeys are so rare, and because the Kurtzes hate to see them go. None of the Kurtzes' monkeys can ever return to the jungle; once a monkey has been taken from the wild, it can't fend for itself. "If one of these monkeys ever went back to the jungle," Vivian says, "I'd go with them."

"Not me," says Mary.

The Kurtzes don't breed the monkeys. "Once there was a baby," Mary remembers. "It was just one of those things that happened. It was born in August, so I named it Gus. Three years later, the other monkeys killed it." Why? "They didn't like it."

The monkeys make the Kurtzes laugh sometimes. "They swing and bounce," Vivian says. None of them know any tricks, other than swinging and bouncing, "but they can bite you pretty good," Mary adds with a laugh.

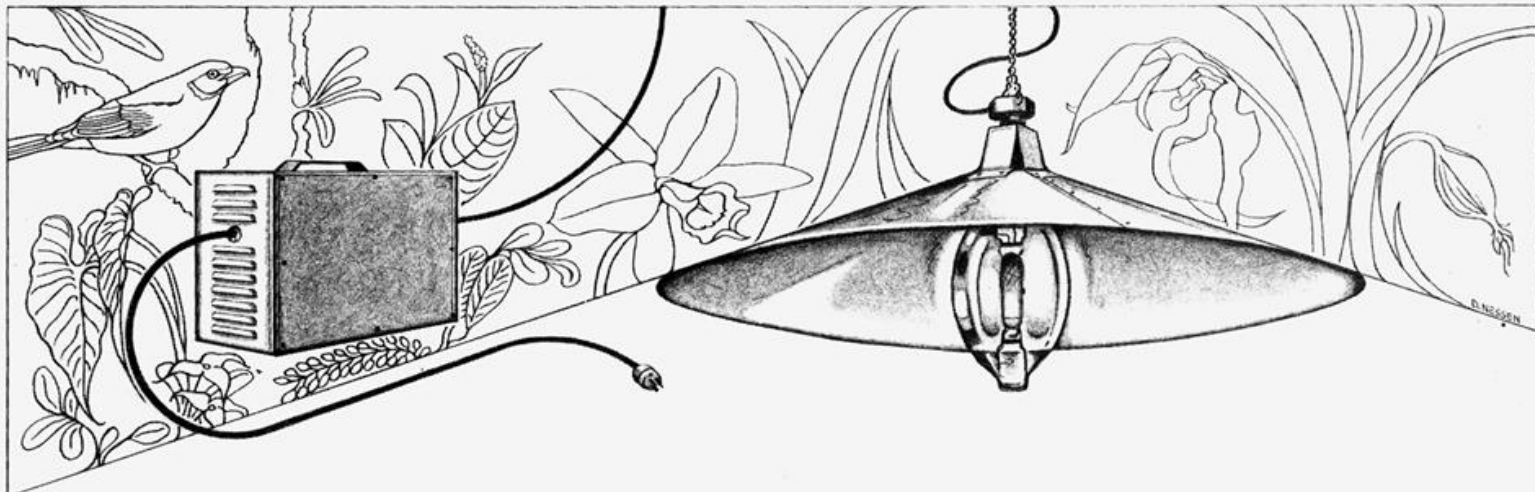
The Kurtzes have no vets that regularly visit. "Most illnesses with monkeys are terminal," Mary explains. Some of the monkeys have rickets or are slightly "insane," but otherwise they are all healthy, "because they receive such a well-balanced diet." In addition to the French toast, the monkeys like bananas, pears, lettuce, grapes, apples, cucumbers, Purina Monkey Chow and hard-boiled eggs.

Complaints from neighbors are rare. The monkeys are quiet at night and have never escaped from the backyard. "We had one neighbor who didn't like us," Mary recalls. "He sent the Department of Health over here. We passed their inspection with flying colors. They said we could have twice as many monkeys if we wanted to."

Plans for expansion, however, are hindered by both economics and the ever-dwindling supply of monkeys. "I wish we could expand," Mary says. "Right now we're up to the limit financially and facility-wise, but we keep doing what we can."

The Kurtzes' dedication is stunning. They haven't taken a vacation in 10 years, unless one counts the day they went to Great Adventure, the safari park. "We had a policeman friend come and monkey-sit," says Mary. "But he got bitten. I think it was Jennifer that bit him."

"I would love to take a vacation," Vivian adds. "Take cruises, travel around the world. I would love it. But I can't. I have to stay here and watch the monkeys." □



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INTERVIEW

/ continued from page 36

HIGH TIMES: You mean you take the whole weight of the hash and work out the percentage of THC in it? So many parts-per-million THC to vegetable matter?

BEHR: That's right, that is what is weighed.

BEAL: Less than fifty grams of THC and you're cool.

BEHR: Over that you have to pay a fine of two hundred Deutsche marks [about \$50] a gram because if you have such a large amount you are dealing, so—okay, you can pay a little more.

HIGH TIMES: And it would cost the cops so much to analyze the evidence with gas-liquid-mass-spec, they wouldn't be able to afford making little piss-ant head-stash busts. Be easier just to license it and tax it.

BEHR: Don't call it a tax system, because we are not trying to make it legal. We are not interested in legalizing a drug—we are just interested in legalizing those who use it.

We have to look at what the real drug problem is in Germany: every year sixty thousand die through alcohol, a hundred forty thousand die prematurely thanks to abusing pharmaceutical drugs. Four hundred die from heroin. Our greatest problems are the legal drugs. So there will only be fines and no criminalizing.

For chemical drugs it is quite different: full decriminalization to a certain level... no matter if you are dealing it or not, because if you are a junkie you have to deal to finance your habit. So you say, "Okay, nothing against the junkies, but if he is dealing—that is not politically acceptable."

So street enforcement would be stepped up with the sentences involved on big amounts raised to attempted murder... decriminalizing of small-scale dealing but the big dealers will be prosecuted as now—
HIGH TIMES: Has anyone in Europe considered heroin maintenance? Making heroin available to junkies cheaply, like methadone?

BEHR: We definitely don't want that. I have proposed that if someone is a junkie and he wants to give it up he can go to a doctor and get a prescription. In the pharmacy he will get his syringe filled and everything and then he will go into the booth to take the shot. What we consider today as



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addictive drugs—they all started for sale in the pharmacies. So let's bring them back to their roots. In ten years we will be talking about Valium or some similar drug as today we are talking about smack. Bring all that stuff back to the pharmacies and the illegal market would be cut out.

HIGH TIMES: It definitely would kill the illegal market, all right.

BEHR: No, it definitely will not. Nothing will. Now we are talking from the utopian point of view because you can't kill the illegal market. It is as big as the legal market and it is highly established.

HIGH TIMES: But if you undersell them—just make it cheap, so junkies can score it for next to nothing—then the Mafia goes broke.

BEHR: Make it cheap so they can take more? It is not in the interest of the industry. They prefer to have the market under control.

For instance, if there is too much Red Lebanese coming from Lebanon, there will always be a major bust. Two and a half tons is normal. The German police estimate that eight hundred kilos of hash and grass are smoked a day in Germany.

HIGH TIMES: Good god, that is a lot.

BEHR: The police estimate that there are five million pot smokers. According to their estimates, twice as many smokers as gays.

HIGH TIMES: Out of a population of what?

BEHR: Sixty million.

HIGH TIMES: That's incredible, that's a hell of a figure.

BEHR: On smack there were a hundred sixty thousand. It's gone down to a hundred forty thousand.

That's in a much smaller population than the States. Proportionally it is the same as if you had one out of every three hundred people in the United States a junkie.

HIGH TIMES: Yeah. That's a hell of a lot of junkies.

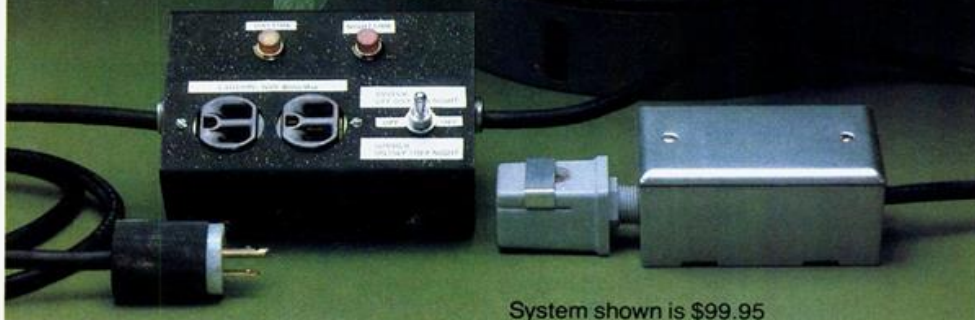
BEHR: The illegal economy in drugs in Germany is around fifteen percent of the whole social product.

HIGH TIMES: What's the general purity of the heroin on sale in Germany, the cut?

BEHR: That's up to the local police. In each city there are agreements between the police and the established underworld. For instance, they are doing a kind of drug politics maneuver to sweep it to Berlin. So Hamburg is raising the prices. It's no problem. In the whole of Germany you will

/ continued on page 96

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THE WAY IT HAPPENED

Sanderson had an alibi. It wasn't him that molested those little girls, it was the aliens that invaded his body. The same ones that were about to take over the world in one hour...

It was raining outside but you couldn't hear the rain, the Interrogation Room was soundproof. Sanderson sat under the white hot light. It was like a scene from a movie. There were two agents. One was fat, badly dressed, scuffed shoes, dirty shirt, wrinkled pants—he was Eddie. The other agent was thin, neatly dressed, his shoes reflected pools of light, his pants were pressed, his shirt crisp and new—he was Mike. Sanderson sat in his undershirt, a pair of old jeans and worn tennis shoes.

Eddie walked up and down the cement. Mike sat in a chair. He stared at Sanderson. Sanderson sat in front of the interrogation table. The tape recorder was on.

Eddie stopped walking, stood in front of Sanderson.

"Why did you write those letters to the president?"

Sanderson shook his head wearily. "I told you: this country is in danger, the whole earth is in danger."

Eddie inhaled, you could see his whole big gut suck in a half inch. Then he exhaled and it came out a half inch, maybe more.

"Is it true that you were twice convicted of child molestation?"

"One Harold L. Sanderson was."

"Don't be cute! Twice, right?"

"Twice."

Mike leaned forward in his chair. The left side of his face twitched once. Then stopped.

"You care about the future of the earth, eh, Sanderson? You want those little girls around, don't you?"

"I'm fond of children—"

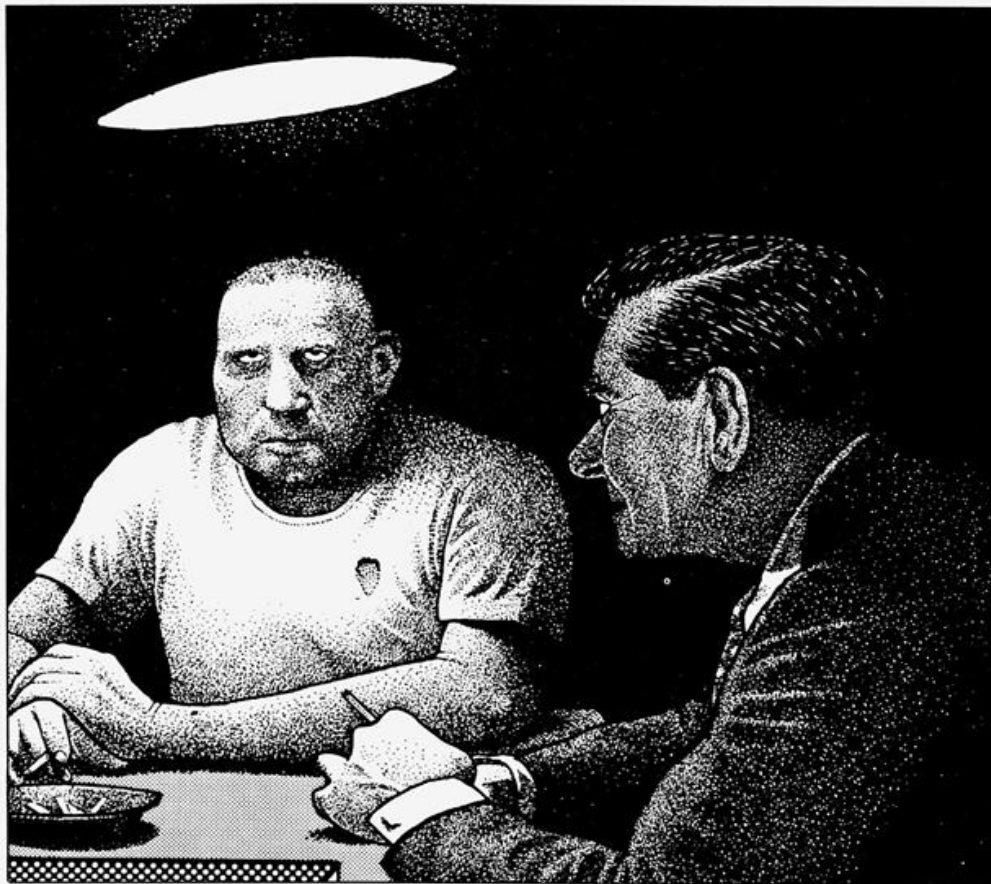
Mike half rose in his chair. "You *slime*, don't joke about this!"

Eddie pushed Mike back down in his chair. "Take it easy. We're trying to get at something else."

"I just hate to deal with these freaks. That's all he is, a freak, a nut."

"So was Oswald. And, in his way, John Wilkes Booth. We've got orders to check this one out thoroughly."

"I'm not trying to kill the president, I'm trying to save him."



"Shut up!" said Mike. "The only time you'll speak is when we ask you a question."

"You know what the cons call these guys?" Eddie asked Mike. "They call them 'Short Eyes,' and they have their own way of dealing with them."

"Listen," asked Sanderson, "can I have a cigarette?"

Eddie took one out of his pack and almost jammed it into Sanderson's mouth. Then Eddie threw his cigarette lighter on the table.

"Light your own."

Sanderson's hands trembled as he lit his cigarette.

Eddie walked south down the cement, spun, then walked back in front of Sanderson again.

"Okay," he said, "let's go over it again. Just for the record."

Sanderson sucked on his cigarette.

"Well, the world has been invaded."

"Invaded by what?" asked Eddie.

"Roaches? Fleas? Hookers?"

"Space creatures."

"Space creatures?"

"Yes, they're everywhere, they're just waiting."

"Okay, Short Eyes," asked Mike, "where are they waiting?"

"Well, they've taken over the bodies of the animals, the fowl, the fish, even the insects, and they are hiding there."

Mike grinned from his chair, looked up at Eddie. "Hey, you got a dog, Eddie. You realize he's a space creature?"

"If he is, the son of a bitch sure likes to chomp on dog food!"

"Have you noticed," Sanderson continued, "have you noticed that your dog has stopped chasing cats? Have you noticed that cats have stopped catching birds? Have you noticed that spiders no longer eat flies?"

"I haven't noticed," said Mike.

"Me neither," said Eddie.

"Have you noticed that the hawk no

longer dives for the hare?"

"Listen, Short Eyes," said Mike, "we'll ask the questions here. I told you *before* not to speak unless you were asked."

Sanderson looked down at the floor.

"You kept one of those little girls in your camper for three days," said Mike. "I feel like beating the shit out of you—"

"All right, Mike," said Eddie, "our job is something else right now." Then he looked at Sanderson.

"So the spiders have stopped eating the flies? Why?"

"Because each is a hidden space creature. Unlike earthlings, space creatures don't destroy each other. And space creatures don't need food. They have inner survival capabilities independent of outside sources."

"Oh," said Mike, "like a zoo where you don't have to feed the animals?"

"If you'll check with *your* zoo you'll find that the boa constrictor no longer eats the mice and the rats."

"We'll check them in the morning," said Eddie. "Meanwhile, tell me how come my dog chomps up his dog food? If he's a space creature?"

"That's a front to lull you into security until it's time to strike."

Eddie took another walk south along the cement. Mike rocked in his chair once, then settled back. Then Eddie was back in front of Sanderson.

"How about human bodies?" he asked.

"What about them?" asked Sanderson.

"Have they been invaded?"

"Just a few. You know these people who call themselves Breatharians? Who claim they can live on air? Well, they are space creatures."

Mike leaned back in his chair and sighed, "Well, we've got a real nut right here—"

"Yeah," said Eddie, "this sure seems more of a job for a shrink. I'll have to recommend that. But meanwhile, for the record, we'll continue this interrogation."

Eddie took his little run south along the cement, came back.

"Now, tell me, Sanderson, if what you say is true, how come *you* know all of this?"

"I don't know. I don't understand it."

Mike leaned forward, stared at Sanderson.

"Has a space creature invaded *your* body?"

"All I know is that we trust the Source."

Mike reached out and grabbed Sanderson's shirt just below the collar.

"Don't give me elusive talk! Has a space creature invaded your body, Short Eyes?"

"I don't know—"

"All of a sudden we're getting a hell of a lot of 'I don't knows' out of you!"

"Let go of him, Mike! You sound like you're beginning to *believe* his line."

Mike let go. "I just want to get somewhere or other with this nut."

Eddie tried a run north along the cement for a change. When he got back Sanderson asked him, "Can I have another cigarette?"

Eddie stuck another cigarette into Sanderson's mouth.

"So space creatures smoke cigarettes?"

"I don't know."

"All right," said Eddie, "all right now. If this invasion of the space creatures is due, when is it? And *don't* tell me you don't know or I'm going to remember those little girls and I'm going to bust you one!"

"But I *do* know."

"You *know*?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"Within this hour."

"*Holy shit!*" said Eddie in feigned horror. He laughed. Mike laughed. Then they stopped.

Eddie bent his huge bulk near Sanderson.

"How do you *know* this, Sanderson?"

"I don't know. I trust the Source."

"Hey," said Mike, "now we're back on the 'I don't know' merry-go-round again."

"I think this fucker has seen too many science-fiction movies," Eddie said. "He's a *Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *E.T.* freak, that's all."

"Yeah," said Mike, "and a Short Eyes on top of it all."

"Listen, man," he continued, poking his finger, hard, in the middle of Sanderson's chest, "what makes a man molest little girls, anyhow? Tell me, what makes you do that?"

"That wasn't me," Sanderson answered.

Mike drew his right hand back and backhanded Sanderson across the face with great force. Sanderson's cigarette flew out of his mouth as his head rocked with the blow.

"And *that* wasn't me," said Mike.

Eddie offered Sanderson another cigarette. Then he turned to Mike.

"Listen, Mike, this isn't a top-priority thing, but I don't think we're handling this quite in a professional manner. It's all on tape, you know."

"You mean like the Nixon tapes?"

"Not *quite*. We probably won't lose *our* jobs. But let's try to be a bit more professional about what we're doing."

"Okay. It's just that I hate those fuckers."

"Okay, okay. Just take it easy."

Eddie tried a run south along the cement. Then he was back in front of Sanderson.

"All right, let's say you're a space creature. In that case, why would you try to warn the world against an impending invasion?"

"First of all, I trust the Source. I feel I'm doing what I have to do."

"Talk sense."

"All right, perhaps I somehow got cut out of contact, rather like a short circuit of some sort, and although I have some of the knowledge of the space creatures, I am also, at the same time, grounded in human relationships and therefore sympathetic."

"Now we're *really* getting somewhere..."

The tape machine clicked.

Mike reached over, shut the machine off, put in a new tape, then started it again.

Eddie cleared his throat. "As I was saying, now we're *really* getting somewhere. So, now, if all this is true, don't you think your fellow space creatures are rather pissed at you for divulging all this?"

"Well, there's the Source. And then *they* realize that I'm short-circuited and that the fault isn't mine. Error still exists, even in *their* world."

Eddie rubbed his fingers over the huge soiled expanse of his dirty shirt.

"Well, Sanderson, the interrogation is over. I'm recommending you for a psychiatric examination."

Eddie nodded toward Mike. Mike shut off the tape machine, leaned over the table and pressed a button.

The door opened and a guard entered.

"Take this man back to his cell, O'Conner," said Eddie.

O'Conner was damned near as fat as Eddie. He had a young daughter who was studying ballet and who also sculpted very well. O'Conner pulled his gun from the holster, clicked off the safety catch, pulled the trigger and fired a bullet between Eddie's eyes. Eddie

/ continued on page 84

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ignorance of the masses to interpret the term as "dope."

A few people are still following Peashooter Saye's original merchandising format, distributing privately printed cards and fliers around places where stimulation-seekers are likely to congregate. A while back, for instance, some anonymous soul made peashooter history by mailing packets of pill ads around to college campuses in plain brown envelopes, marked only: "ATTENTION COLLEGE MAIL HANDLER: Please deliver to dorms that have a high proportion of drug users. We request that this letter be given to an individual that needs or uses drugs so he may be given direction and shown the way." A lot of self-righteous mail handlers and dorm monitors, assuming it was some religious tract, actually did pass it on to punks who were into dope, and thus they *were* shown the way—to big money in their spare time. This sort of promotional technique, while undeniably brilliant, does touch on the outermost fringes of legality under FTC ordinances.

About the only other possible way to get in trouble, in the peashooter racket, is to sell your stuff to an undercover cop or informant who has *told* you that he (or she) intends to foist your peashooters off on some ignorant chump as real speed. That sort of deception is a crime, under the terms of the DEA model act and several other ordinances. If some ding-a-ling tells you he's going to try to burn his customers by misrepresenting *your* peashooters as real speed, then there's a good chance that that ding-a-ling is wearing a wire, or talking over a tapped phone or in front of hired witnesses; in which case you wind up in court on conspiracy to violate all these laws, which is just the same thing, in court, as *physically* breaking the law, even if the ding-a-ling was a cop engaged in outright entrapment. You should always make a point of telling each of your buyers, slowly and clearly, that your stuff is not speed. You should never sell to anyone who says he's going to represent it as speed. And if a buyer ever says he's *already* misrepresented your dope, you should never sell to him again; in fact, it wouldn't hurt to report him to the cops, in the interests of discouraging unrighteous street dealing—and of covering your own ass.

Some peashooter wholesalers try to

Now, they're being promoted as sex stimulants—"aphrodisiacs"—under such fucked-out old brand names as "Spanish Fly" and "Cantharides."

cover their asses in advance, by asking every mail-order respondent to sign a printed form which always goes thusly: "I, _____, am not a member of a LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCY, THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION, A POSTAL INSPECTOR OR ASSOCIATED WITH ANYONE ENGAGED IN ENTRAPMENT. I am also STATING that I am 18 YEARS OR OLDER." This, frankly, is pretty stupid. The police these days are allowed, and even actively encouraged, to engage in entrapment; a form like this only encourages them further. Also, this stipulation implicitly forbids the purchase of legal merchandise by cops, FDA spooks and postal inspectors, and thus violates their individual civil rights. There's absolutely no rightful reason a cop can't pop a peashooter any time he wants, just like anybody else in the world. So this ploy is just plain dumb, and if your lawyer ever recommends it, you should seriously think of hiring a brighter lawyer.

Finally, you have to keep scrupulous records of all transactions and pay your taxes. Merchandising peashooters is not like trafficking in pot, where you can't pay taxes without getting busted. This business is legal. If you *don't* pay taxes, then you *do* get busted. That can be confusing at first, but you can get used to it. The long-range idea is to make a pile of quick, easy money, so that you can pump it into a vitamin shop, or a hardware store or some other long-term investment. Unhappily, it just won't do to look at the peashooter trade as a dependable, regular, long-term source of capital in itself. The bottom is bound to fall out of the enterprise within the next few years, one way or another.

Peashooter Futures: Bleak

For one thing, the feds really could put the whole industry to sleep in a minute, if they ever really had to. They could do it just by going to the *source*, as they did in the early '70s to clean up the prescription-speed racket. These cap-and-

pill makers who keep getting raided aren't the original source of the dope itself, y'see. Their only role is to buy the caffeine, the PPA, the gelatin capsules and the tablet filler, and assemble it all into carefully measured, stamped and dyed caps and tabs. The feds could put a stop to this once and forever, if they really *had* to do it.

For instance, they might go after the three firms that manufacture all the gelatin capsules in the United States: the Eli Lilly drug company of Indianapolis, and the New Jersey firms of R.P. Scherer and Warner-Lambert (who also give us Roloids, Listerine, Bromo-Seltzer and so on). The question is merely whether the federal government of the United States has more muscle than these three pharmaceuticals multinationals combined. Scherer's products man, a couple years back, when asked by the *Philadelphia Inquirer* what he thought about Scherer's gelatin caps being used to pack peashooters, snapped: "They could put dogshit in as far as I'm concerned." As for Lilly, they've said the company is "not interested"—not "*won't*," mind you—"not interested and does not propose to sell empty gelatin capsules for products intended for recreational or improper use." (Which is nice talk from the makers of Seconal and Tuinal.) Of course, even if the feds nagged these cap makers into blacklisting all known peashooter makers, gelatin capsules would still be available from Korea, India and Europe.

Or the feds could try going after the bulk suppliers of phenylpropanolamine, and nag *them* into blacklisting peashooter firms. But the FDA tried something like that last summer, by mailing their own blacklist of PPA-based "incenses" (read "coke cuts") around to the dozen or so bulk PPA suppliers in the United States, threatening to go over their books, or otherwise inconvenience them, if they continued to sell PPA to any company on this

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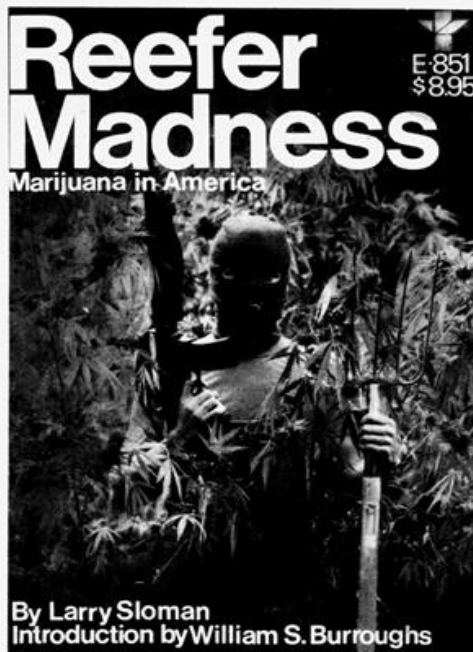
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blacklist. The PPA makers just laughed that one off and continued business as usual. Still, if the FDA ever wanted to pull a real *professional* dope scare over PPA, and induce the media to link it to dead children, birth defects, cancer, street crime and all the other traditional horrors of "drugs," they could probably get the bulk suppliers to toe their line.

Prospects are very remote that anything like this will happen, however. When the bottom falls out of the peashooter market, it'll happen from natural causes, not federal intervention. The best projections have this happening within just the next couple years.

This sobering projection has to be taken very seriously, because it proceeds from the New York City market-research firm of Frost & Sullivan, which has been brilliantly advising Thompson Medical all along. Thompson was pretty much nowhere before 1979, when they suddenly put their four PPA-and-caffeine diet aids on the market: Dexatrim, Prolamine, Appe-drine and Control. Since then, Thompson's profits have shown a steady annual increase of 40 percent, as the top supplier to the drugstore-peashooter market, which itself has grown by 20 percent each year since '79. Not even the everlasting "recession" has managed to put a dent in Thompson's projections, and of course none of the FDA-DEA look-alike scares applied to *their* legal stimulants.

Admittedly, there was a bit of a ripple, briefly, when *The Journal of the American Medical Association* took a shocking swing at PPA diet aids early last year. The title of their editorial, by Dr. Alan Blum, was shocking in itself: "PPA: An Over-the-Counter-Amphetamine?" As it happens, the PPA molecule is a crafty look-alike for amphetamine, so that both drugs work essentially the same way in the body (if not in the head). Amphetamine itself, Blum pointed out, is currently considered virtually worthless for long-term weight control. Why then, he publicly wondered, had the FDA's over-the-counter review panel ever recommended PPA as a weight-control adjunct?

Blum's point in *JAMA* was not that PPA's a dangerous drug, by any means—just patently ineffective for dieting. Having reviewed the available scientific research on PPA's appetite-killing properties, he found it "defective," and noted that it mainly proceeded from the same drug companies which run "questionable" commercials for OTC diet aids on after-dinner television. We live in "a society in which the image of

slenderness is cultivated only a bit less than that of youthfulness, and in which advertisements for high-calorie foods alternate with those for appetite suppressants." Dr. Blum went straight for the throat: "Several companies are capitalizing on the potent implications of names like 'Dexatrim' and 'Dexadiet'."

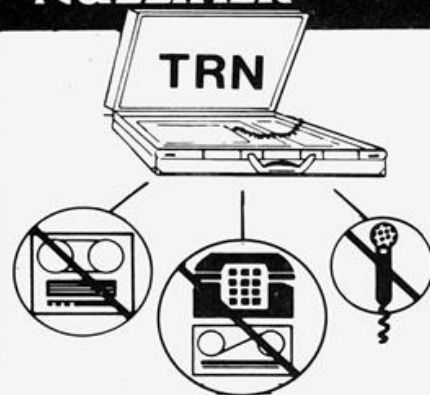
Inside of a month after this *JAMA* editorial, the FDA's over-the-counter panel reviewed their three-year-old finding that PPA is "safe and effective" for appetite control. This time they took into account some new findings, including a report on an Australian diet aid which had gotten some people sick, even though it contained no more PPA than trusty old Contac. They looked at the rise in recreational use of PPA since 1979, the reports of injury and death, its use by youth, the whole horror show. And ultimately they confirmed every word of their original 1979 recommendation: PPA's safe and effective for weight control, and ought to go on being merchandised without any increase in government regulations. Thompson itself reported the glorious news at a gala New York press reception.

"There was an air of triumph," recorded DC&I (Drugs Cosmetics & Industry), "as Dr. Edward L. Steinberg, vice-chairman and director of research for the company, made the announcement—and he was backed up by a strong cadre of physicians and academic researchers to field questions from some skeptical reporters." Not everyone present was skeptical, though. There were a dozen svelte and lissome young pieces on hand, ready to enthusiastically convince skeptical reporters that phenylpropanolamine had "changed their lives." The skeptics on hand from the Center for Science in the Public Interest (CSPI) were more inclined to be impressed by Thompson's singular lack of couth.

Thompson's Dr. Steinberg pretty deftly handled CSPI's inquiry about that Australian diet aid. The producers had actually packed 150 milligrams of PPA into a single-release pill, so that it all entered the bloodstream at once, after the pill dissolved in the stomach. In the United States, the top dose of PPA—150 milligrams—is only used in time-release formulations, like Contac, which slowly dissolve over 12 to 14 hours.

Over six years of pre- and post-market research, Steinberg related with some pride, Thompson Medical had checked out PPA on 900 human lab volunteers, clocking over 30,000 "patient hours" together, and seen nothing to alarm them. Press reports associating peashooters

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The question is merely whether the U.S. federal government has more muscle than these three pharmaceutical multinationals combined.

with strokes and deaths and so on were laid to "overdose, or combining medications, or undocumented rare idiosyncratic reactions."

Then Dr. H.I. Silverman, of the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, put in some nice words for PPA. Very nice words: The drug "is not a stimulant, nor is it capable of being abused," he stated firmly. Silverman had already said some lovely things about PPA in a letter to *JAMA*, responding to Blum's uncharitable editorial. PPA's safety record, he wrote, is "excellent and actually better than many other common OTC remedies, including aspirin and acetaminophen." And compared to prescription speed, PPA is "without the properties of arousal and dependence."

All in all, from the testimonials of all these Ph.D.'s and pretty girls—backed up by the affirmation of the over-the-counter advisory panel of the FDA itself—phenylpropanolamine came off sounding like the safest thing for dieters this side of plain dieting. It probably really is that safe, too, even though it's the drug's single most self-interested merchandiser that says so. The only question about it that CSPI is still asking, to this day, even after all these comforting reassurances, is this: Does the stuff *work* for dieters?

The FDA itself is nonjudgmental on this point; unprejudiced to a fault, almost. To be sure, the FDA has never accepted the four-year-old finding of its OTC panel, that PPA's so safe and effective for weight-loss that it ought to stay on the market unregulated. The effect has been simply that PPA-based peashooters have absolutely *flooded* the market, and failed to cause any perceptible harm at all, even when combined with maximum-strength doses of caffeine and ephedrine. For four years now, the FDA has been watching the United States population, rather like a research scientist watching a batch of lab rats, looking for any signs of hitherto-unseen PPA toxicity. Since no such

signs of any sort have emerged, after billions of doses and millions of de facto "patient hours," the FDA no longer even updates its list of "look-alike-associated deaths," evidently. Or maybe it's simply true that the stuff hasn't killed anybody since the summer of 1981.

About the only thing the FDA does nowadays, on the peashooter question, is to solicit scientific reports assessing PPA's effectiveness for weight loss. The literature on this has been, to say the least, conflicting, even though it mainly comes from PPA-merchandising companies like Thompson Medical. With the pendulum of public opinion reflexively swinging away from the administration's neoconservative pressure groups, the pressure on the FDA to continually "do something" about these nasty peashooters is ebbing. CSPI and other consumer groups are doing a really magnificent job of monitoring PPA research reports as they come out, lovingly dissecting each report for investigative bias and overextrapolated conclusions. (You have to fondly wish they'd do the same thing with marijuana research.) And at this rate, with the political heat off and all, it's liable to take years more before the FDA feels obliged to take a formal position on the safety and efficacy of peashooters as diet aids.

And thus all things are lovely, because a couple years is all it's likely to take before the peashooter market peaks, and turns into that most uncertain sort of enterprise—*last* season's growth industry. The thinking at Thompson Medical is to go on plugging Dexatrim on prime-time telly, at about \$11 million per year, until the diet-aid market is wholly saturated. Before the advent of Dietac, Dexatrim, Appedrine and so on, barely one-quarter of all U.S. dieters had tried using any sort of drugs for the purpose (barely 10 million people, out of a possible market of 40 million dieters). Only the good folks at Thompson know at what percentage of dieters they expect PPA use to peak at,

but they expect it to peak out about 1985. By that time, presumably, Thompson will be flush enough to move into the marketing of prescription medications. It takes *real* money to legally move 'script drugs, because the liability insurance on them is simply murderous. But in another couple years, barring any extraordinary intervention from the feds, Thompson Medical will have made so much money from PPA, they'll be as well-respected as Eli Lilly, Abbot, Pennwalt and even Lemmon PharmCal of Philadelphia, the Quaalude makers.

Rx

Over the couple months it took to put this monstrous thing together, I dived in secrecy among drug-users of all descriptions, looking for anyone who might have achieved a special fondness for peashooters as peashooters—and found none. A writer friend who is notorious for having deadline troubles says he's frequently done Dexatrim to help him over an emergency last-drafting session: "They help you stay awake, though they don't make it especially *interesting*, if you catch the distinction," he says. "They're better than coffee, because at least they don't give you the trots after eight hours or so." A lady friend with a perpetual weight problem tells of the time, when, years ago, she scored a big batch of vintage Triple Combination peashooters through mail order—black beauties with no markings at all on them—and how she still has most of them in her medicine cabinet, untouched: "They weren't speed. They weren't anything *like* speed. They're garbage." In fairness, though, this lady once confessed, in an off-guard moment, that her "weight problem" is mainly imaginary, an excuse of sorts to binge out on real speed any time she can find a sympathetic 'script doctor.

At the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco, Dr. David Smith and Richard Seymour are studying the "look-alike" phenomenon for a special issue of *The Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*—a sure indication that the whole business is already mainly history. "There doesn't seem to be any particular identifiable pattern of abuse with these things," Seymour tells me. "People may be taking them in the morning to start the day, or they may be taking them several times a day, or they may be binging out on them episodically; we don't know. People aren't seeking treatment for habituation to these things, or at least not yet. But from the

/ continued on page 97

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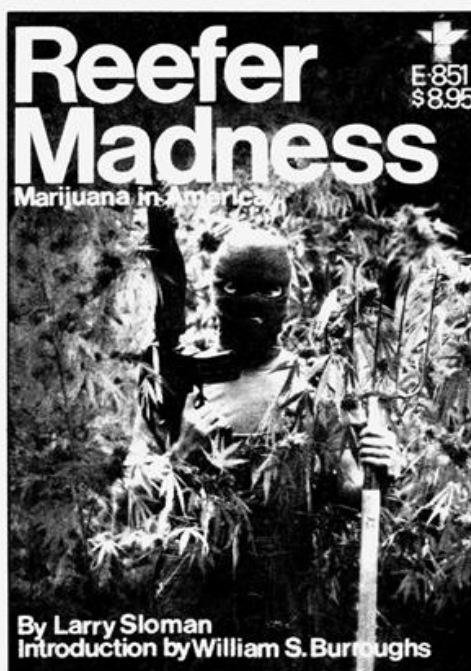
Part V: The Jazz Musicians' Pogrom.

by Larry Sloman

One reason why we appreciated pot, as y'all calls it now, was the warmth it always brought forth from the other person—especially the ones that lit up a good stick of that shuzzit or gage. As we always used to say, gage is more of a medicine than a dope. But with all the riggermaroo going on, no one can do anything about it. After all, the vipers during my heydays are all way up in age—too old to suffer those drastic penalties. So we had to put it down. But if we all get as old as Methuselah, our memories will always be of lots of beauty and warmth from gage. Well, that was my life and I don't feel ashamed at all. Mary Warner, honey, you sure was good and I enjoyed you "heep much." But the price got a little too high to pay (law-wise). At first you was a misdemeanor. But as the years rolled on, you lost your misdo and got meanor and meanor (jailhouse-speak-ing). Soooo, bye-bye, Dearest, I'll have to put you down.

—From *Louis Armstrong*,
by Max Jones and John Chilton,
Little, Brown & Co., 1971

By 1949 it was clear to Anslinger and his right-hand honcho Malachi Harney that it was impossible to enforce the drug laws, since drug transactions are victimless crimes (unless, of course, we consider the drug user to be his own victim). That is to say, nobody in the exchange is about to report any other active parties to the authorities. So Harney developed a brilliant idea. The Bureau would use informants, some getting as much as \$2,000 a crack to grease their tongues, and suddenly the Bureau's arm could reach into every roach-infested, dank corner of any ghetto in the country. The informants were extremely versatile—besides re-



porting on transactions that had already gone down, they could instigate exchanges, as in: "Hey, Jack, could you get me a tray of reefer? I got the bread." When the deal went down, Uncle Sam was there to collect the tax—and more.

So the informants opened a whole new world to Anslinger, who was saddled with a small force of only 300-odd agents at the time, and the commissioner went for the scheme whole hog. Using money from a special fund of \$160,000, the sawbucks flew onto the streets and data began to be gathered on Anslinger's new enemies. Armed with a new weapon—the much-needed federal legislation—and no real threat to engulf, the bureaucrat did the next best thing: he bought his way into a culture that, by its very nature, he had despised from the start, and tried to silence it by arresting its members for their

usage of an herb. This was a story that would be repeated again in the '60s, although on a much larger scale. However, as we have seen, Anslinger was doomed to failure. Perhaps it was the resilience of the weed culture (again we must recall that weeds thrive on abuse), perhaps it was the ultimate failure of any program in moral entrepreneurship. But it might just have been due to the ineptness of a Bureau that demonstrated its effectiveness in the early '30s by the fact that an agent was sent out on the trail of a supposed peddler who was found to have been two years dead. Perhaps some future researcher will, after all, discover a file labeled "Popeye, AKA 'Sailor Man.'"

The subject, a fair piano player, crashed the keys and began a series of wild melodies and vulgar variations that sounded like the jungles in the dead of night. It has been said that a marihuana smoker originated swing music. That does not indict such music, but indicates that the musical mind is far from the notes in front of him.

More unpublished Anslinger. Beginning in the early 1930s the commissioner began a file that would later be known as the "Marijuana and Musicians" file. Each time a marijuana case involved a member of the musical fraternity, special note would be made of it, and before long a huge dossier had been compiled. Sensing a chapter in some future book, Anslinger waxed eloquently on scrap paper:

Music hath charms, but not this music. It hails the drug. The well-informed would just as soon hear a song about sitting in the pleasant shade of the hood of a cobra. Some of the songs are: "Reefer Man," "Smoking

Reefers," "Chant of the Weeds," "Send in the Viper," "Muggles," "Vipers Moan," and "Texas Tea Party." . . . When Cab Caloway renders his interpretation of Marawanna [sic], the rumba without words, it may sound like a mass of discords to most of us, but to many of those who are listening and possibly to Cab himself, this brings to mind the delightful dreams lived under the spell of Marihuana (the rage that is sweeping Sleepy Town from coast to coast). And when some Harlem nightclub entertainer flashes pearly teeth while extolling that "Reefer Man," it may seem like a lot of nonsense to us, but to him and many of his theatrical brothers, both white and black, that "Reefer Man" is just about as real and important as the milkman to the average American family. For the Reefer Man supplies them with their Reefers, the cigarettes made of Marihuana.

The battle between the Bureau and the jazz world first surfaced in February 1938, when two Mexicans were arrested in Minneapolis and charged with violation of the tax act by growing and distributing \$5,000 worth of marijuana. The arrest prompted a statement by Joseph Bell, district supervisor for the Bureau, linking swing music, the big-apple dance and jam sessions to the increase in the usage of the drug. "The tempo of present-day music and the big-apple dance and these jam sessions seem to do something to the nerves," the G-man told the *Minneapolis Tribune*. "As a result, use of marihuana is on the increase. Not only is it being used by dance-band musicians, but by boys and girls who listen and dance to these bands. They seem to think they need a stimulant for their nerves."

Sidney Berman, the editor of *The Orchestra World*, a music magazine, immediately fired off a letter to the Bureau, complaining: "This is a rather serious charge against the popular orchestra field, which we represent, and we would appreciate further clarification on the subject. Naturally we are not interested in promoting crime, and if we can be useful in bringing this matter out into the open in our field, we are more than glad to throw our columns open to you."

After a short investigation, it was determined that it was not Mr. Bell who had made the statements, but one of the Mexicans arrested, during a newspaper interview while he was being detained in the Bureau's Minneapolis offices. However, Bell did further confirm the new "menace" and wrote both Anslinger and Berman: "This person [the Mexican] stated that the use of

Marihuana is quite prevalent among musicians, particularly so-called 'jazz-bands,' because, under the influence of the drug, they seem to acquire a certain talent which they do not ordinarily possess. In the words of the individual I mention, they 'get hot.'"

The Bureau's desire to investigate the use of marijuana by musicians was hampered by its inability to find agents who could penetrate the netherworld of the jazz player. This deficiency led to such harebrained capers as the Herbert Napka matter. Napka was a Deputy Clerk of Courts in Sandusky, Ohio, who at one time had headed a small band that played the small-town cabaret circuit in the Midwest. While traveling that circuit, Napka claimed to have observed much muggles-smoking among both musicians and patrons. Napka's short-lived musical career ended when he was fined \$100 by the Federation of Musicians for not complying with regulations.

In December 1938, anxious to resume his musical career after clerking for two years, Herbert visited the district supervisor of the Bureau and reported his experience in observing marijuana users. He also claimed to have knowledge that the weed was being sold "promiscuously," both to nightclub patrons and to schoolchildren. And he also came armed with a plan. Herbert was desirous of organizing an orchestra of 12 members called the "Weed Hounds" to tour the country, playing every rickety, cheap cabaret, buying marijuana at each stop, locating the sources of supply for the Bureau. He asked the G-man for a \$350 advance, claiming that once the band hit the road, they could sustain themselves. There was one more requirement, namely, that the Bureau arrange with the Federation of Musicians that there would be no interference with his band playing wherever he wished.

The supervisor submitted Herbert's proposition, but there is no further mention in the files of a band named "Weed Hounds" touring the country, while doing comparative shopping.

But by 1941 the link between marijuana and swing music, propagated by a lurid press, was strong enough to evoke a response from *The Keynote*, the monthly publication of the Detroit Federation of Musicians. In a front-page editorial in the January-February 1941 issue, the president and secretary-treasurer of the union went on record with a promise to weed out any musicians found guilty of using the weed.

MARIJUANA—A SCOURGE

Marijuana—weed—grass—tea—reefers—call it anything you like—is classed by law and by effect in the same category as narcotics. For some reason or other—and no matter how it hurts, let's face it—the comparatively few musicians who are addicted to its use have gained for the entire music profession a reputation among law enforcement officers, and to some extent among the general public, that is most unsavory, and every day brings disgrace and worse to the good reputation of the great majority who do not use it. Marijuana causes far more than mere moral degeneration—it breaks down the mentality of its slaves. Some of the so-called "jazz hounds" who think that their talents show off the best when "high" should take a trip to Eloise Hospital and see the wrecked human beings there, jibbering idiots who likewise used to think it was fun to be taken out of the world of reality into a false sense of super-being. Now they can't think at all! The responsible heads of your organization are determined to do their utmost to stamp out this most vicious practice—Detroit Musicians are no worse than those of other cities, and the problem is one which must be faced by every local union and by our National organization. This condition is so serious that your Board of Directors has taken drastic action to curb it by adopting the following regulation:

Any member found guilty of the use of Marijuana, or on proof that a member uses same, such member shall immediately be expelled from membership.

A few weeks later, the *Los Angeles Daily News* revealed that the two local musicians who had been killed in a car crash were found to have had marijuana cigarettes in their pockets. Again, Sidney Berman was on the alert, asking Anslinger for any developments in the case, since his magazine was "vitally interested." Anslinger wrote back that he was unable to comment on pending cases; however, in a note attached to an interoffice memo on the subject, he stated: "Because of the fact that musicians appear to be among the principal users of marijuana, a sharp quote may serve to jolt these people on the dangers of the use of this weed."

Anslinger got the quote he wanted and more, only it was written by a staff member of *Down Beat*, the prestigious jazz publication. In its January 15, 1943, issue, reporter Mike Levin, writing under a banner headline, TEA SCANDAL STIRS MUSICDOM, reluctantly reported an escapade involving well-known entertainers, musicians, soldiers and Lady Reefer. The details themselves, in

retrospect, seem fairly tame: some big-name band members and a few nightclub entertainers got caught with some soldiers in one of the entertainer's midtown hotel room, which was serving as a makeshift "reefer parlor." But what was more interesting was the way *Down Beat* played the story. The piece was prefaced with an editorial sidebar:

(The editors of Down Beat don't like to print this story. We've killed several like this in previous months, believing that they could cause only harm and aid no one. Parts of this story, which we previously suppressed, we were not only given permission to use by the army, but unofficially requested to do so. The facts, from unimpeachable sources, are given below for reasons you will find on our editorial page.)

After no more than 100 words outlining the case, Levin's article turned into a general diatribe against the weed smokers in the musicians' ranks.

This is one of the sorriest messes that we've seen. Immediately after the story broke originally, the Beat's New York office was deluged with requests for information... At first our attitude was "we don't know a thing"; but when the big news weeklies began checking, we started thinking. And when one of the leaders concerned called up in a panic lest his band be ruined by adverse publicity as being a bunch of "tea-hounds," we knew some action was in order... We know that there are musicians who smoke tea... We know that there is a select clique that has been working in the top bands for years who do it, and we know that they are going to get it in the neck if they aren't careful. And if the business as a whole isn't careful, it is going to take a bad rap along with them. Once more the old bogies are going to be floating around. "Musician" is going to be synonymous with "weed hound." The business neither deserves nor can stand a national campaign of this sort... The Narcotic Bureau has the names and facts concerning many of the musicians who use tea. They aren't as interested in jailing these men as they are in finding out the sources of supply and the selling agents. We can only suggest to anyone who uses the stuff: Stop it now, before you get yourself and your friends in a potfull of trouble! We can only suggest to the AFM that it pass a ruling calling for instant expulsion of anyone caught using tea...

So, with the enemy's own house organ behind the commissioner's campaign, Anslinger made 1943 the year of a concerted Bureau attack on the music tea-

heads. On July 2, 1943, Malachi Harney wrote a memo to Anslinger outlining the campaign.

I talked to _____ on the telephone today about the "boogie-woogie" bands and marihuana tie-up and I said we thought it might be about time to give the matter some real attention. _____ said he thought he could get an informer or two who would be able to work in these musical circles and that he would start on this right away. I told _____ that I thought he should build up probably 20 or 30 cases before he made any arrests.

Anslinger apparently approved; he penciled in: "They should be made in various districts."

At first the going was rough for the G-men. Unable to infiltrate the jazz demimonde, the agents were sad to report their initial failures to commissioner Anslinger.

By September Anslinger was still craving publicity and desirous of a national roundup that could catapult the Bureau back on the front pages. On September 7, 1943, he sent a confidential letter to his San Francisco district supervisor that read:

Because of the increasing volume of reports indicating that many musicians of the "swing band" type are responsible for the spread of the marihuana smoking vice, I should like you to give the problem some special attention in your district. If possible, I should like you to develop a number of cases in which arrests would be withheld so as to synchronize those with arrests to be made in other districts. Please let me know what are the possibilities along this line in your district.

Four days later the commissioner received a confidential reply:

Reference is had to your letter of September 7, 1943, regarding the development of marihuana cases against musicians of the "swing band" type, and the synchronizing of arrests with those to be made in other districts. You are perhaps aware that musicians who are marihuana smokers do not ordinarily engage in selling marihuana. They are generally on the receiving end. Doubtless some distribution is made to other members of the band who are users of marihuana. This being so, the only cases that are likely to be made against them are possession cases. Ordinarily in developing a case of that nature, the arrest is made when the person is found in possession, but regardless of this, I shall endeavor to have my agents do their best to

"Why would Anslinger go after jazz musicians?"

"If you're using marijuana, you're going to work about twice as much music in. That's what made jazz musicians."

build up some cases with a view of making arrests that can be synchronized with those in other districts.

One reason Anslinger was so intent on rounding up the jazz community was the perception that musicians were dodging the draft via the marijuana "addiction" route. Working in close cooperation with the Selective Service System, Anslinger developed a number of cases where one's rejection for marijuana addiction became grounds for investigation by the Bureau. In March 1944 a drummer with the NBC Studio Orchestra was arrested for smoking marijuana in the NBC washroom. After his arrest he implicated other band members in a futile attempt to get his job back. He first came to the attention of the Bureau, however, in a communication from the Selective Service. A memo attached to his file noted:

_____ 's name was furnished to us by the Induction authorities as rejected because of drug addiction. He is a musician, and stated that anyone wearing a bow tie and carrying a musician's case would be regarded by marihuana peddlers as potential purchasers at places frequented by musicians.

By December 1944 Anslinger was still stymied by the close-knit jazz community, and the added fillip of musicians avoiding serving their country by being classified 4-F for indulgence in their vice was more than the bureaucrat could bear. On December 19 he wrote his New York district supervisor:

I have in mind such cases as that of _____ who was the subject of your letter to the Bureau dated December 6, 1944. Not only is this man not in the Army where he belongs, but he brazenly tells us that he is able to maintain an almost constant supply of marihuana. I am transmitting a schedule prepared in the file room here which shows some of the musicians (and their orchestral connections) who have been rejected by the military as marihuana users. I wish you would study this and give me any suggestions which you may have for dealing with the law violations upon which these men appear to be capitalizing.

Two months later the district supervisor replied, in a letter that highlights the difficulty that agents encountered in developing reliable informants to aid in the musical pogrom the commissioner so fervently desired:

... It has been found that musicians, as a

class, associate mostly with co-workers and members of the theatrical profession. There is also a feeling of helpfulness displayed by them towards one another due to the fact that some of them go along for many years before reaching a high paid status in the profession, and after doing so fail to remain in that status. They also have periods of unemployment which particularly affects the low-paid members. Due to the aforementioned, it is difficult to induce an active and well-acquainted musician to inform on members of his profession and it should also be taken into consideration that the Musicians' Unions control all of their employment and an informant might possibly risk expulsion from the Union in some manner or other.

This office has attempted, and is still doing so, to develop confidential informants among musicians and our efforts have not been successful enough to secure information leading to the popular musicians, some of whom are mentioned in the list attached to the Bureau letter.

The list referred to in these communications had names of many of the most prominent musicians of the time, including Thelonious Monk. Anslinger also developed a second list, designating the orchestras which the marijuana rejectees were affiliated with. So, even though these groups did not have any documented connection with marijuana, band members associated with the following celebrities were on file in the Bureau: Louis Armstrong, Les Brown, Count Basie, Cab Calloway, Jimmy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton, Andre Kostelanetz, Jackie Gleason, the Milton Berle show, the Coca-Cola program and the Kate Smith program.

Typical of the hearsay nature of this drive is the following excerpt from Correspondence Reference Forms of the Bureau from 1949, on file in duplicate in the Washington office:

Refers to Memorandum Report relative to the visit of Mr. _____ of Minnesota, who reported the activities of his two daughters with negro musicians. _____ stated that the girls had lived good and normal lives until within the past few months. It was further stated that his two daughters would be picked up by two negro members of the _____ Orchestra and they would all go to the _____, known as a resort for "jamb fests" and then would go to a residential address and would not come out until three or four o'clock in the morning. _____ suspected that his daughters were using marijuana. Upon investigation the following negroes were

listed as members of the Orchestra: _____ Should be a matter of investigation.

By 1948 it was clear that Anslinger's campaign had hardly come to fruition. Several famous musicians, including drummer Gene Krupa, had been arrested and jailed on possession charges, but the Bureau was never able to orchestrate the massive roundup it had desired. But on August 3, 1948, the campaign against the weed got an unexpected boost when Robert Mitchum, then 31 and a rising young screen idol, was arrested in Laurel Canyon, along with three others, on a felony narcotics charge, possession and conspiracy to possess marijuana.

Both Anslinger and Mitchum thought the arrest would end the actor's budding career; in fact, at his booking, Mitchum answered "Former actor" when asked his occupation. Confronted by a horde of reporters, he glumly said, "Sure, I've been using the stuff since I was a kid. I guess it's all over now. I'm ruined. This is the bitter end." But a few minutes later he did a strange about-face and claimed the arrest was a "frame-up."

Mitchum immediately hired the hottest lawyer in Hollywood, Jerry Geisler, who had sprung Errol Flynn from statutory rape charges and had successfully defended Charlie Chaplin from a Mann Act violation. Geisler succeeded in getting Mitchum's trial postponed until January 1949.

Anslinger immediately sought to make hay out of both the Krupa and Mitchum busts. In an unpublished essay, "Marihuana and Musicians," the commissioner reminisced on the Krupa affair:

Gene Krupa, famed drum-beating swing bandleader, who is idolized by thousands of minors throughout the country, and starred in the motion pictures George White's Scandals and To Beat the Band, served a 90-day sentence for violation of the marihuana laws.

During one of Krupa's engagements at the Hollywood Palladium and the Los Angeles Orpheum Theatre, we received information which resulted in his arrest later in San Francisco for possession of marihuana, and contributing to juvenile delinquency by sending his 17-year-old valet to his hotel room for "reefers" (marihuana). Krupa was found guilty and sentenced to 90 days in jail and fined \$500. He was later found guilty of using this minor in the unlawful transportation of narcotics and was sentenced to imprisonment for a period of 1 to 6 years, but the conviction

was later reversed on appeal...

The remaining engagements of the band in Detroit were canceled and the band was booted out of its Detroit hotel room after (other) members were arrested on narcotic charges. Three thousand youthful "zoot-suiters" decked out in their weird costumes, had mobbed the RKO-Downtown Theatre at 5 a.m. to await the opening of Krupa's show at 11 A.M. It took a special squad of policemen to keep order. Truant officers, dispatched by the Board of Education, weeded out 50 absentees and sent them back to school, and harried parents appeared to claim their missing offspring...

After Krupa's conviction on the marijuana law violations, it was reported in a newspaper column that "Gene Krupa's well-wishers are setting up a \$100,000 fund for a public relations buildup, so that Krupa's career won't be ruined by his present difficulties."

Ah! The envy just drooled out of the commissioner's mouth on that last paragraph. What he could do with \$100,000 for his own public campaigns! Krupa, of course, rebounded nicely from his arrest, as did Mitchum, to everyone's surprise. A scant month after the bust, Mitchum's new movie was released, and it did boffo at the box office. Which prompted a classic *J'accuse* by that venerable gossip Earl Wilson, who, in his nationally syndicated column, took a poke at Mitchum and the jazzmen.

COLUMNIST TAKES A PUNCH AT TEA-SMOKING MUSICIANS

New York, Sept. 29—Ah swayuh (as they say down South) I'm getting to be a reformer! Today I'm going to beat up that Marijuana Mob—the Reefer Rats. I asked a fellow whether reeferers are still freely sold here. He went to a likely source—a swing musician, in the Fifties somewhere. "Seen Mr. Alexander?" he asked the musician. "Mr. Alexander" is sort of a password for "tea." "How many?" said the musician. He was as shy as a Broadway billboard. "Half a dozen sticks." "Is that all?" The musician was disappointed at meeting such a picaresque user. He brought six of the thin, roll-your-owns out and collected six dollars. It seems to me that Petrillo or somebody ought to clean up this despicable swing musician's mess, which has a livery stable smell. Marijuana and musicians lately seem to go together like ham and eggs. A few musicians are just plain scum, with the morals of a procurer, and they besmirch the decent musicians, who outnumber them by far.

But nothing'll happen; nobody cares much. Nobody cares much about anything. Bob Mitchum thought he was washed up,

but he didn't appreciate his public's curiosity. Gangs of goggle-eyed goofs busted their britches to gape at him in his new film, and they howled hilariously when in one scene he asked for a cigarette. The wages of sin is a hit picture! Musicians are, however, the worst reefer users, and I deplore the moronic efforts to convince us that marijuana is no more harmful than a cube.

... the whole swing music business is so entranced with reeferers that it keeps echoing that the *La Guardia Report* in 1945 said that reeferers aren't habit-forming. *Down Beat* seems as happy printing it as a cab driver who's just knocked down a pedestrian. I'll take the more recent opinion of Colonel Garland Williams, head of U.S. narcotics enforcement.

"Reeferers are habit-forming. All pervers may not be marijuana smokers, but practically all marijuana smokers are perverted," he says. Nice people, these music bums who light up. But don't take my word for it.

Three weeks ago I wrote that Mitchum had kicked away his career. Looks like he's given it a shot in the arm, if you'll pardon the expression. Congratulations, Bob! When'll I ever learn that Americans don't care what movie stars do—as long as they make it spicy?

On January 10, 1949, Mitchum was found guilty of the lesser charge of conspiracy. On February 9 he submitted the following written plea for probation:

My first use of marijuana was an isolated instance in 1936 when I was working in Toledo. I had no further contact with it until about 1947, at a time when I was working very hard. During 1947 and 1948 I occasionally used marijuana when in the company of people who used it. I was never a confirmed smoker of marijuana and never purchased marijuana for use by myself. The only explanation I have for the use of marijuana is the fact that when you are in the company of people who use it, it is easier to go along with them than not to.

The only effect that I ever noticed from smoking marijuana was a sort of mild sedative, a release of tension when I was overworking. It never made me boisterous or quarrelsome. If anything, it calmed me and reduced my activity. I have never used any other drug. My attitude with respect to the future use of marijuana is that I will not use marijuana at any time whatsoever.

His pleas notwithstanding, Mitchum was sentenced to a year in jail, which was then suspended. The actor was placed on two years' probation, with the condition that the first 60 days be spent in jail. However, the following Sep-

"Marijuana and musicians lately seem to go together like ham and eggs. A few musicians are just plain scum, with the morals of a procurer, and they besmirch the decent musicians."
—Earl Wilson

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tember the D.A. announced that the case had been reopened to determine if the entire episode had been engineered by extortionists. And on January 31, 1951, with almost no publicity, the court quietly ruled that the verdict of guilty be set aside, a plea of not guilty entered and that the complaint be dismissed. Mitchum's exoneration was never publicized by his studio, by himself or by Harry Anslinger.

Anslinger, perhaps, had been too busy still searching for reefer-smoking musicians. In October 1948 he had attempted to revive his campaign against the jazz musicians by enlisting the aid of the unions. In a memo to a subordinate, Anslinger noted:

I think it is time to prepare a letter to Petrillo (President, American Federation of Musicians) requesting that consideration be given to canceling the union membership of drug addict musicians and musicians convicted of violating the narcotic laws.

The draft letter met the commissioner's approval, and he sent it for approval to his superior, Under Secretary Foley. It read:

Arrests involving a certain type of musician in marijuana cases are on the increase. The following few of many cases are cited as examples: [names deleted] As you know, some of these musicians acquire followings among juveniles. We are all familiar with the type of hero worship in which the juvenile is a slavish imitator of the things, good or bad, which are done by the object of his admiration.

In my opinion there is a real juvenile delinquency threat in the marijuana antics of these persons. We, of course, are using all of the limited law enforcement facilities at our command.

I am bringing this situation to your attention because I feel that you might suggest ways in which your organization could assist in eliminating the antisocial activities of this segment of the musician's profession. Hoping that you can assist us in suppressing this abuse, I am

*Cordially yours,
H.J. Anslinger*

The draft letter came back with a simple comment on it: "Mr. Foley disapproves."

The worst group we had there were the jazz musicians. And I wouldn't tell you what proportion of them were marijuana users, but it was more than half. In those days."

Sloman had the talkative Dr. Munch

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[consultant to the Bureau of Narcotics] on the phone, and he was determined to get Munch's views on Anslinger's jazz musician crusade. The reporter knew that Munch was aware of the jazz scene; after all, he hung around race-tracks and blew some weed himself.

"Yeah, but why would he want to go after them?" Sloman wondered.

"Because the chief effect, as far as they were concerned, is that it lengthens the sense of time, and therefore they could get more grace beats into their music than they could if they simply followed a written copy." Munch had completely lost Sloman, right out of the gate. "In other words, if you're a musician, you're going to play the thing the way it's printed on a sheet. But if you're using marijuana, you're going to work in about twice as much music in between the first note and the second note. That's what made jazz musicians. The idea that they could jazz things up, liven them up, you see."

"Were the musicians actively promoting the use of marijuana?"

"Not directly," Munch admitted. "At least most of them didn't. But the fact was that youngsters found out they were using, so therefore they decided they were going to use."

"They wanted to try it, like imitation, huh?"

"Yeah. Teenagers. Peer stuff." Munch dismissed the subject.

"I've talked to some of the counsels from the old Bureau, and they thought that the marijuana thing was used as a political thing by Anslinger. In other words, to get more appropriations—"

"No," Munch protested, "he was generally interested in the welfare of the people. He was the same way on cocaine, he was the same way on heroin—"

"I bet he was," Sloman interrupted. "I bet he was."

Despite the setback in the Petrillo affair, Anslinger pressed on with his crusade. On March 1, 1949, he testified before the Ways and Means Appropriations Committee in regards to the 1950 Budget and took the opportunity to link the jazz world to the marijuana traffic and to use the issue to protect his projected budget from the parsimonious congressmen.

MR. FERNANDEZ: Then I take it there is more widespread use of it (marijuana) in the past 2 years than there was before the war.

DR. ANSLINGER: [The title was conferred by the House stenographer] I think the traffic has increased in mari-

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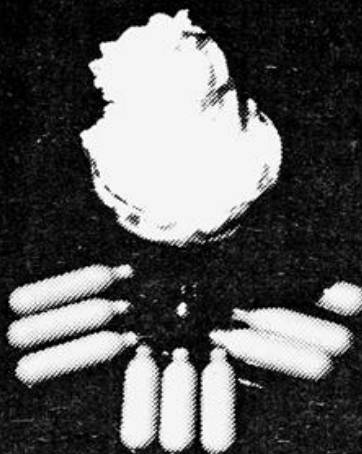
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huana, and unfortunately particularly among the young people. We have been running into a lot of traffic among these jazz musicians, and I am not speaking about the good musicians, but the jazz type. In one place down here in North Carolina we arrested a whole orchestra, everybody in the orchestra. In Chicago we have arrested some rather prominent jazz musicians; and in New York. It is pretty widespread. The musicians ought to do something about it. I have asked them to do something to see if they can't clean their own house a bit. And we have seized sources of supply from these musicians at different times. We have not made the progress with the marihuana traffic that has been made otherwise. You will notice, however, that in violations reported, our cases year after year seem to be about the same.

The public outcry was immediate. Picking up on the distinction between good musicians and the jazz type, scores of letters and protests came into the treasury, castigating Anslinger for his negative stereotyping.

Down Beat, in their next issue, made the commissioner's quote the subject of their lead editorial.

HOW TO DRAW A GENERALIZATION

One musician in Massachusetts, another in California, and several from scattered points in between clipped and sent to *Down Beat* the news story released by Associated Press and United Press early in March quoting H.J. Anslinger, narcotics commissioner in Washington, D.C., as follows:

"I'm not talking [sic] about the good musicians but the jazz type."

Oh brother!... According to this worthy gent, there are just two kinds of musicians, good musicians and jazz musicians. How can you tell them apart? The jazz musicians are the ones who smoke marijuana.

How confused can you get?... The bad time given to musicians by the daily press in the general run of things is serious enough. But when a government official in a report to congress divides them arbitrarily into two groups, "good" and "jazz," it is going a little too far.

Anslinger, though, was not without his allies within the jazz world. In 1950 Cab Calloway, who had made his reputation singing about the exotic dope scene in such classics as "Minnie the Moocher" and "Have You Seen That Reefer Man?," wrote a scathing article for *Ebony* magazine entitled "Is Dope Killing Our Musicians?" The commissioner was quick to make reference to

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the piece in every forum he could find, as an example of the dread within the musical community toward the use of narcotics. But the significant story was that the jazz world had fought the Bureau to a draw. If Anslinger had had his druthers (and about \$500,000 a year more in appropriations), America might have seen a massive roundup of jazz musicians in the '40s, with long, severe sentences meted out as deterrents for these wanton violators of the tax act.

However, that was not the case. The commissioner was checked by the top brass in the Treasury Department, foiling his furthest-out schemes. But certainly the shrewdness of the jazzmen themselves was a factor. For the reefer cats were aware of their outcast status; in fact, they seemed to relish it. They had created a self-contained culture, and squares like Anslinger were no match for the gates. This brash disdain for the square world's imperatives was nowhere demonstrated more clearly than in the conduct of Fats Waller, the great jazz pianist.

As a part of the war effort, Waller was asked to make a recording for the Armed Forces radio. Because of the vinyl shortage, albums weren't pressed during World War II, but several thousand pressings of the Armed Forces radio "V-Discs" were distributed to all the bases overseas. So, 16 days after Anslinger's edict to try to synchronize massive "swing band" arrests, Waller chose to record for posterity (and our boys overseas) the classic reefer song "If You're a Viper." He prefaced it with a scatlike introduction:

Hey, cats, it's four o'clock in the mornin'. I just left the V-Disc studio. Here we are in Harlem. Everybody's here but the police. 'N they'll be here any minute. It's high time, so catch this song. Here 'tis:

*Dreamed about a reefer five foot long
Mighty mezz but not too strong
You'll be high but not for long
If you're a viper*

The gumshoes at the Bureau, and the army brass, let that one slip right by them, but the guys in the barracks caught the drift, especially those stationed in the Philippines, where the weed was said to be excellent. □

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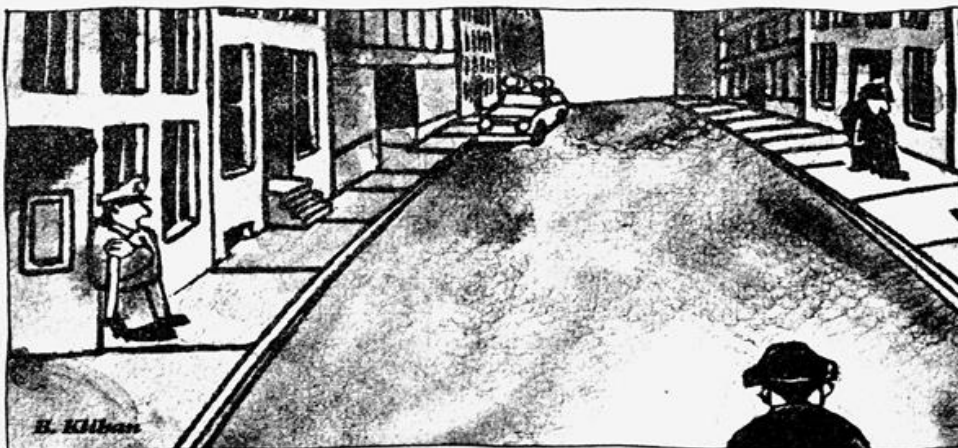
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Inmate seeking correspondence with anybody—will answer all letters: J.D. MOORE #161-866, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

30-year-old country boy seeks letters from anyone looking for friendship, with possibility of lasting relationship. Age unimportant, photo exchange possible. Write: DON JONES #18569, P.O. Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Prisoner would like to corres-pond with intelligent females of any age. BRUCE VINCENT C-51364 A-1281, C.M.C. P.O. Box A, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-0003.

I'm a lonely male who's seeking correspondence with any giving person who can take time out of their lives to write to a man in prison who is lonely and lost and looking for a shot at life. Mr. SHERMAN L. PORTER, #163-832, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

I'm white, 6'3", 240 lbs., blue eyes & real lonely for real. Pls. write ROBERT C. WRIGHT, B-021544, P-3-N-8, P.O. Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

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475 WHEN THE PLEASURE A PERSON gains from taking a drug replaces reward for a job well done, we have shoddy workmanship. When puffs from a joint replace the pleasure of a good golf game or a swim on a warm afternoon, we have apathy and physical deterioration. When apprehension developing in anticipation of an exam is wiped away by instant pleasure, the student does not prepare, and fails the exam.

Dr. Robert Heath,
Tulane University, at conference on "Drug Abuse in the Modern World," organized by Dr. Gabriel Nahas, Columbia University, June 1980, via *War on Drugs*, Nov. 1980

476a IS SUPERSTAR COMEDIAN RICHARD PRYOR all washed up? That's the question making the rounds after his bizarre performance at The Comedy Store in Los Angeles, where the comedian nearly broke down from the strain of kicking his drug and alcohol habit.

The once-maniac comic delivered a rambling monologue then tried to apologize to the audience for his behavior.

"I've had no drugs or booze for the past 147 days," a solemn Pryor told the crowd, according to one audience member.

"I don't feel funny anymore. I can't make you laugh anymore—I wish I could."

An emotional Pryor kept repeating himself, and at one point tears welled up in his eyes as the audience tried to encourage him by shouting out the names of some of his famous comedy routines. But he didn't feel like doing them; instead he tried to explain himself.

"I know how bad they are for you, but drugs and booze were an important part of my life. I don't know how I'm going to cope now; I don't know what I'm going to be doing with my life," he said. "I wish I could be worthy of your applause again."

No one in the stunned audience could believe this was the same Richard Pryor whose hyper sense of humor shot him to the top, until a drug and alcohol problem nearly did him in.

Star, May 3, 1983

476b WHO NEEDS DRUGS FOR A laugh? Not top comic Eddie Murphy, who says he once smoked dope because his brother promised him a pair of

Puma sneakers. He didn't get them, so, Eddie tells Barbara Walters, "I never smoked again." The comic, who chatted with Barbara for the ABC special on Monday, talks at length about all the controversy these days over drugs in showbiz. "Everyone takes it for granted that anyone that's into entertainment is like drugged out of his mind and I'm not. I don't do drugs. I'm funny without narcotics."

New York Post, April 8, 1983

477 MUCH OF WHAT GOES BY THE name of pleasure is simply an effort to destroy consciousness.

George Orwell, *Tribune*, 1946, via JS

478 VALIUM LINKED TO CANCER Valium, which is turning out to be one of the most abused tranquilizers around, also is being linked to cancer. Dr. David F. Horrobin, head of a private research group in Montreal, says a study he did in 1976 showed that breast cancer grew more, and three times larger, in Valium-treated rats than in those rats not given Valium. He also said there was another British study that indicated that women who took tranquilizers—of which Valium and other diazepam were the most commonly prescribed—were more likely to have breast cancer that was spreading rapidly at the time of diagnosis.

Woman, August 1982

479 PILLS TO PURGE MELANCHOLY IS the title of a great collection of over one thousand English songs, folk and composed, witty, political, romantic and bawdy, published first in 1698 (edited by Thomas D'Urfey), final edition 1720, reprinted again in 1870 and 1959.

480 REMAINS OF 100 PEOPLE FOUND IN COLOMBIA CAVE Bogota, Colombia, April 16 (UPI)—The skeletal remains of 100 people believed killed by smugglers during illicit marijuana operations have been found in a remote cave in northern Colombia, the authorities said today.

They said the skeletons were found accidentally by a military squad near Becerril in the district of César, 400 miles north of Bogotá, which borders on Venezuela. A

military police spokesman said the remains may have been in the cave for as long as five years.

New York Times, Apr. 17, 1983

481 AND SO THE REGULARS AT MABEL Dodge's celebrated salon would be treated one evening to Abraham Brill lecturing on Freud; another evening they would turn out to hear Big Bill Haywood proselytize for the I.W.W., and on still another memorable occasion they all ate pèyote and played havoc with the expensive furnishings.

from review of Leslie Fishbein's *Rebels in Bohemia: The Radicals of the Masses*, *Nation*, Jan. 29, 1983

482 AT THE SAME TIME, AN ISRAELI newspaper carried a report in which the Israeli officer was quoted as saying that, at the time of the incident with the American, he smelled alcohol on the marine's breath...

Colonel Rafi was quoted today by the newspaper Haaretz as telling Israeli reporters that he had smelled alcohol on Captain Johnson's breath.

"The fact was not published previously to prevent harm to the Marine officer and not to exacerbate the incident," the newspaper reported. But it concluded: "It is clear that he had drunk an alcoholic beverage while he was on duty and it had influenced his judgment."

Another Israeli officer confirmed that Colonel Rafi had made the allegation, but said the Israeli Army was trying to play down the matter. "Maybe it was mouthwash," the officer said.

Haaretz also quoted "military sources" as reporting that the residents of the Hai Salum quarter, known for its drug trade, were selling hashish to the Marines, sometimes in exchange for American military uniforms, which local civilians could be seen wearing.

New York Times, Feb. 7, 1983

483 BUT EVENTUALLY I REALIZED that when the toilet had to shit too, it was too much hallucinating.

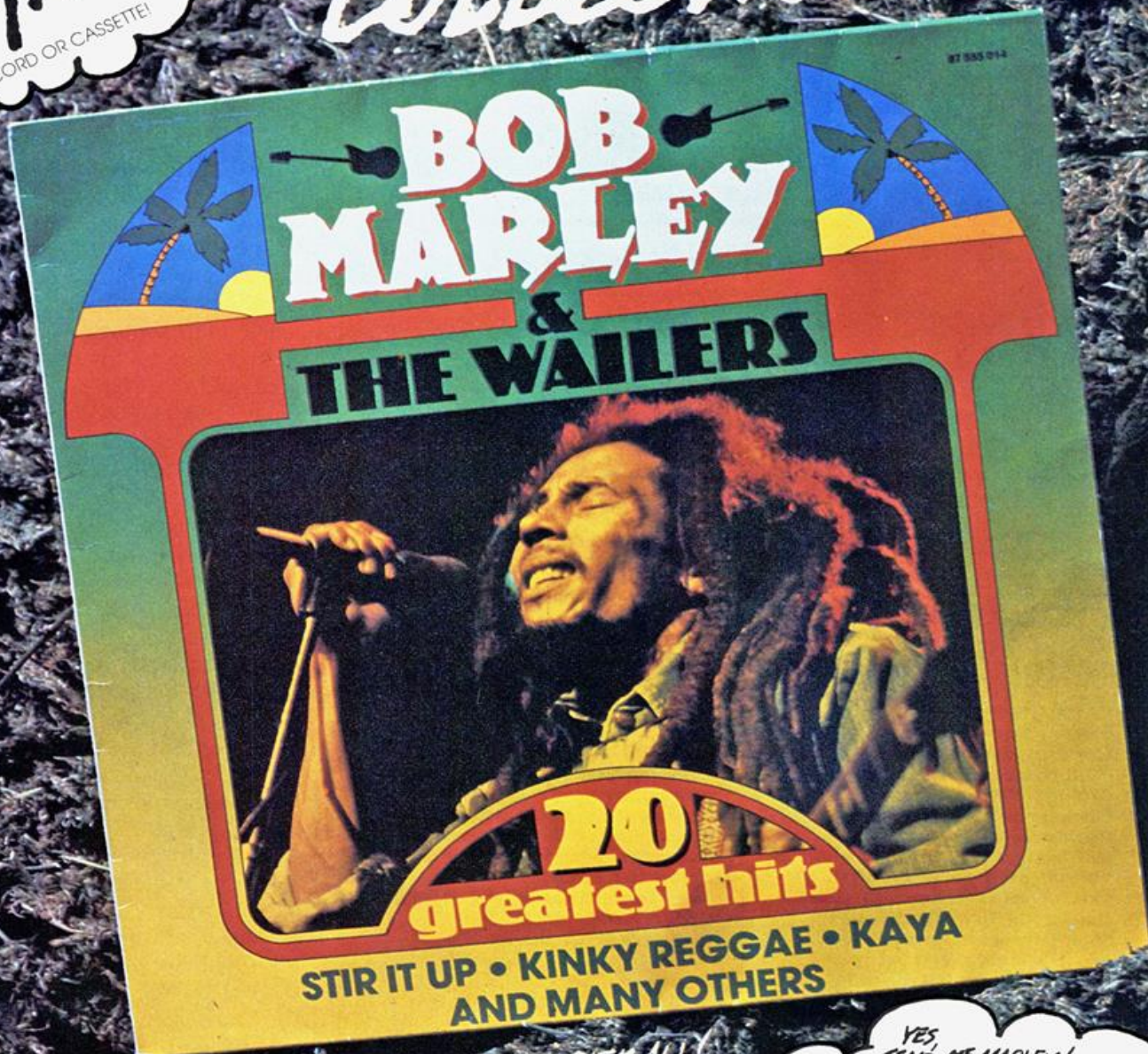
Richard Heisler,
Coming of Age in a Stoned Decade

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/ continued from page 63

stood a moment, then fell straight forward. The next two bullets shattered Mike's skull.

Sanderson stood up.

"O'Conner, why do we have to kill some of them? Why can't we just take over their bodies?"

"I don't know," O'Conner answered, "the Source knows."

O'Conner walked out of the room and down the corridor and Sanderson followed him.

"Snyxikolivsks," said O'Conner.

"Previxcloslovckkkkov," Sanderson answered.

Epilogue

At that moment the president of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA bent over to pet his dog. The dog's name was Clyde. Clyde was an old mongrel but he was clever: he could fetch the *New York Times* or piss upon the imposing leg of an imposing congressman within 15 seconds of a given signal. He was a great old dog. He was allowed in the Oval Office. Clyde and the president were in there alone together with Security just beyond.

The president bent over to pet Clyde. Clyde wagged his tail and waited. As the president bent close, Clyde leaped upward, snarling, he snapped at the jugular vein, missed, but ripped off the left ear instead. The president fell back upon the rug, holding the left side of his head with his hand.

It had stopped raining outside.

Clyde snarled again, leaped upon the president, found the jugular, ripped it, and the purple pump of stinking blood began. The president rose. Grasping his throat with one hand he staggered toward his desk and with his free hand slid open the secret panel, and as Clyde watched, sitting in a northeast corner of the Oval Room, the president pushed the button, the red button that released the warheads.

Why he did it, he didn't know. Perhaps the Source knew.

The president of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA fell forward across his desk as all across the earth the creatures of space returned to space, and the spiders began to snare flies and suck their blood, and the cats began to catch birds, and the dogs began to chase cats, and the boa constrictors began to eat mice and rats and the hawks dove for the hares—for a while, for a very short while. □

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MUTABARUKA: REGGAE'S MALCOLM X

Raised a member of Jamaica's elite, he dropped Catholicism for Rastafari and became one of the most influential figures in reggae music.

Mutabaruka has become one of the most talked about performers to come out of Jamaica recently. Though he leads a crack band which he calls the "High Times" players, and has made a handful of excellent records, Mutabaruka is not a musician or even, strictly speaking, a singer. He is what is being called a "dub poet"—a fusion of protest poetry and hard-edged dub reggae backing instrumental tracks.

Interestingly enough, Mutabaruka dismisses the label of dub poet as too limiting. "I'm not a dub poet," he said during a recent visit to New York on a tour to promote his album *Check It* (Alligator 8306). "I'm just a poet. I been performing poetry since the early '70s. We're talking to the people who have the heartbeat of reggae in them—whether they are black or white, if they feel it with the bass lick."

As a boy in Jamaica, Mutabaruka, who was christened Allan Hope, was brought up as a strict Roman Catholic and became part of the island's elite. In the late '60s he was living in Kingston and working as a technician with the Jamaica Telephone Company, when he suddenly decided to study the writings of Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X, which led him to Marcus Garvey and Rastafarianism. He renounced his Christian name, grew dreadlocks, quit his job, converted to Rastafari and became a countryman, moving away from Kingston with his family up into the Jamaican hills. There he renounced the amenities of city life, living without electricity or running water, farming for his food and developing his philosophy in his poetry.

At the time of his conversion, Rastafarianism was still the province of the "black-heart man" to mainstream Jamaican culture, making Mutabaruka's

decision a radical step. "A number of his friends thought he was going mad," explains the biography in his first book of poems, *Sun and Moon*. Muta explained the reasons for renouncing his upbringing:

"When we went to school to study, we started to realize what the Bible was saying. Black people didn't usually read the Bible, it was generally read to them. But when we started to read the Bible, we started to accept the Bible more and started to shun what we thought we was grasping in the Roman Catholic church. Because of the environment, and because of where we were at the time, the only other thing we could really adhere to was Rastafari. Rastafari is to us more than just what we get from the church. It's more of a way of life; Rastafarians do not consider themselves religious. As a matter of fact, most Rastafarians will say they are both nonpolitical and nonreligious. It's more of a way of life—the way we walk, the way we eat, the way we talk, the way we live, what we think."

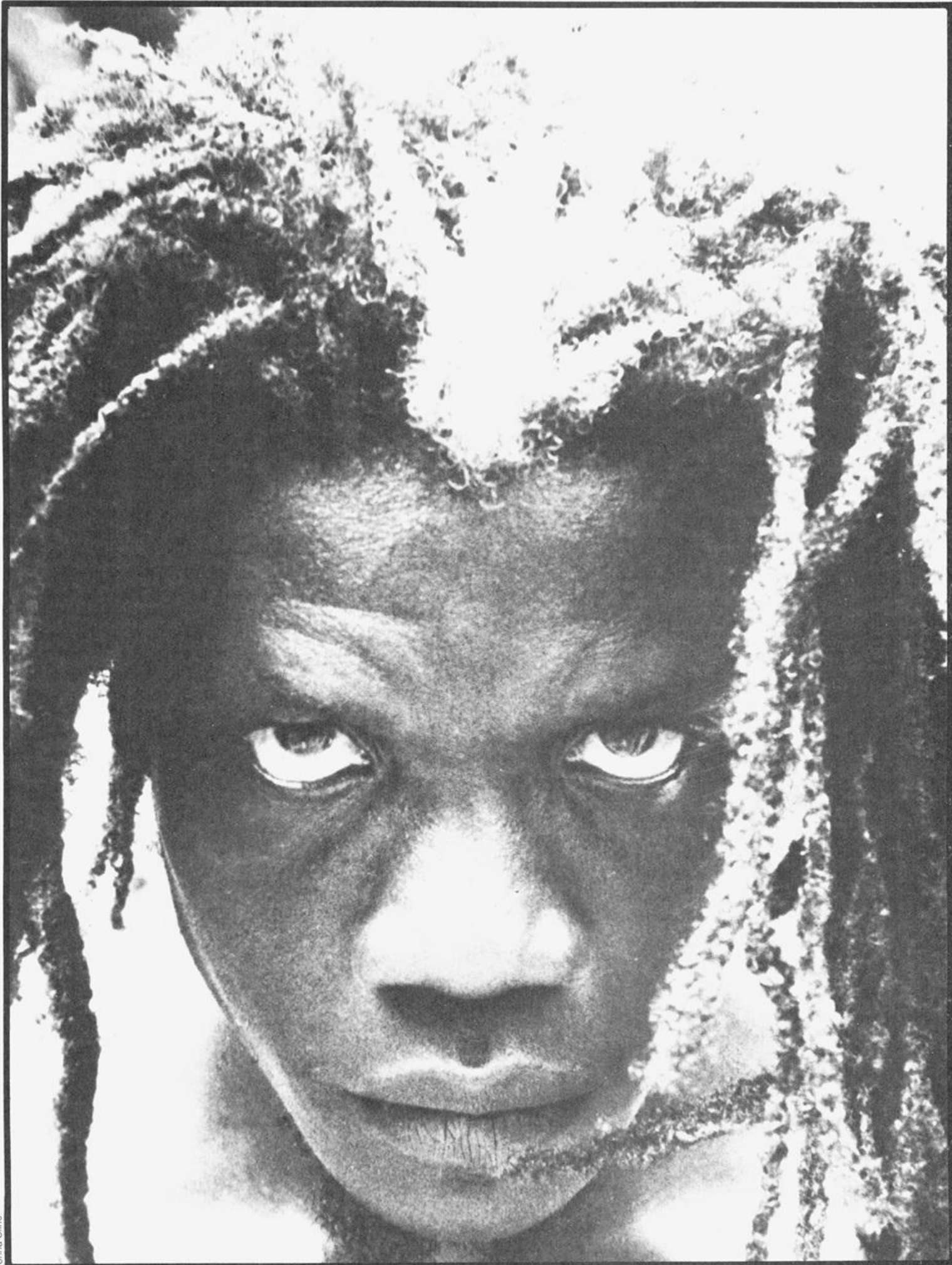
Mutabaruka points to the teachings of Malcolm X as one of the keys in his conversion. "As we all know, in the late '60s there was an uprising of youths trying to understand what was taking place around them, part of which was the Black Power movement," he said. "For a time in Jamaica in the '60s, if you were found with a Malcolm X book you would be arrested—as youths, we used to take them under the desks in school and we'd read them. To me Malcolm X came out on top, he was responsible for the true identification of black people. Because we were looking on Marcus Garvey as our first national leader in Jamaica and we see that Malcolm X, in his history, he was an adherent of the philosophy and opinions of

Marcus Garvey before he took to Islam. To me he was the greatest black person to rise at that time. Because of the environment we couldn't really gear ourselves to a Black Power identity because we were looking for an African connection of who we were more than just material things, and we thought of Black Power as more of a political means."

By the late '70s Mutabaruka had become a legend in Jamaica on the strength of his startling poetry readings, and before long he came to the attention of the country's reggae musicians and began performing with keyboardist Augustus Pablo and guitarist Earl "Chinna" Smith. He made a few records before scoring a major hit in 1981 with "Everytime a Ear de Soun'," a harrowing, deeply moralistic lament of the world situation punctuated with the sounds of gunfire.

At Reggae Sun Splash '81, Mutabaruka's reputation was enhanced further when his stark, moving performance was the hit of the festival. He is now one of the most influential figures in Jamaican music, and his philosophy is taken very seriously as a moral guideline to interpreting Rasta teachings. His current hit, "Drug Culture," has stirred up controversy in Jamaica because of its direct, uncompromising attack on the use of cocaine, which Muta condemns and ridicules, calling the musician Johnny, who is the subject of the song, someone who uses his nose as a vacuum cleaner.

"'Drug Culture' was written to musicians who perpetrate a myth," he said, "especially those musicians in Jamaica who find themselves hooked on the American dream, the use of cocaine in Jamaica. Cocaine was never around in Jamaica until recently, it's mostly the



politicians and the musicians who carry it into the country." Mutabaruka said he did not intend to address the song to any specific individual, but, "Whom the cap fit, wear it."

Mutabaruka pointed out the importance of maintaining a strict moral code and honesty in his writing as a bulwark against the tendency of the Jamaican music industry to attempt to co-opt reggae. "I don't know if anybody knows it," he explained, "but there was a time when Bob Marley records were banned. They started to play Bob Marley records when he became recognized internationally. They didn't used to play reggae music, but when they finally started to play reggae music they play the worst of the reggae music. You hear about the deejays. Well, the deejays have some very funny ways of expressing themselves. This is the music that's bombarded on the airwaves in Jamaica. Certain music is not played. I feel that the reggae music is getting wider, but I feel it's up to the reggae artists to keep the music in touch with the message of what it is supposed to be. It's reaching out, but it needs more protection by the musicians themselves."

Because of his attempts to separate himself from the ruling class in Jamaica, Mutabaruka finds himself in the unusual position of being a poet who is nevertheless opposed to the establishment's concept of literacy. "Basically, I don't like poetry," he said. "I don't like to read poetry. I find it very boring. In Jamaica, the people who read poetry are what they call the 'elites.' They don't listen to reggae music. People who listen to reggae music don't go into a bookstore and buy poetry. Some of them can't read anyhow. But the record reaches both the reader and the listener. You have a lot of poets in Jamaica that are termed dub poets because they're integrating reggae music with words. You have people like Michael Smith; you have Poets in Unity; Lynton Kwesi Johnson most people know."

This search for self, this quest for a true identity, lies at the heart of Muta's writing. In concert, he arrives onstage in chains, sings the first few numbers shackled, then breaks free for his most telling song, "Whey Mi Belang?" which questions his basic identity. "I have a story to tell," he says by way of introduction to the song. "When Christopher Columbus decided he wanted to prove to the Europeans that the earth was round instead of square, Christopher Columbus wanted to go to India by traveling west. He went to Queen

Isabella and got some ships and some Italian guys. When Christopher Columbus take the boats and he start to travel west, what he reach in the west some people call the West Indies. But we are not Indians, what them call Indians."

Then, in a dramatic moment, he sings, "Negro, nigger, West Indian... I don't know which country I belong."

This search for identity has lead Muta away from the idea of Jamaican nationality, and, like many other Rastas, toward an identification with Africa. One of his most controversial songs is "Wite-man Country," which attacks head-on the back-to-Africa debate. "In the '50s and the early '60s there was an influx of our people into England," said Muta in explaining "Wite-man Country." "A lot of people thought that England was where all the gold was, and migrated there. Black people have been building England but have still not been accepted into the British system. A lot of black people in England tried to be British, tried to integrate within the British system. That poem was simply saying, no matter what, the British system will never accept minority groups as part of their system, so it is not good to stay in England too long. There's a lot of youths that is fighting that system, so you have one man fighting that system and you have the next man who's saying leave that system. I don't see no conflict there, you have to have different angles of that redemption. Some people stay there and fight it, some leave it."

What Muta insists his philosophy does *not* foster is escapism. "A lot of people who are against Rasta," he said, "say Rastas are escapist—that instead of facing the situation that exists in Jamaica they want to return to Africa. I don't feel that that's an escapist attitude. Rasta people see themselves as African first. Jamaican is just nationality and passport. Anywhere in the world you go, you cannot change being African, but you can change being Jamaican."

"Rastafarians want to build up the ancient glory of Africa," Muta insisted. "That is the reason why Rastafarians want to go. When a Rastaman say he has no business with what goes on in Jamaica, that would appear to be escapist, but once you look at what is taking place in Africa compared to what is taking place in Jamaica, I don't see it as escapist. If South Africa is not free, what use is it to stay in Jamaica to free Jamaica from the capitalists or leftists or whatever. We find that it is the same Russia and America that is fighting over Africa right now."

At a particularly dramatic moment

during his live shows, Mutabaruka waves an American and a Soviet flag and chants, "The Russian and the American, all of them have a plan how to free other nations... Mon, what a confusion..."

This confusion is exactly what Mutabaruka is trying to combat. "We want to talk to everybody," he said, "because reggae has the power to liberate the earth, so-called white people, black people. It is necessary that people understand what you're saying so you're not making anybody fearing. It is necessary for people to understand that when we say it is no good to stay in a white-man country too long we are addressing a certain problem. My main thing is I try to make people understand what to interpret about certain political movements—not to get paranoid. That is why people don't reach God-consciousness yet, because them fear God. I don't think God don't want anybody to fear him. Them just need to understand what is God, are with God and they just link up everything." □

Day to Day Living, Don Carlos (Green-sleeves GREL 45). One of the founding members of Black Uhuru, Don Carlos has gone on to solo work that shows him to be an introspective, deeply religious figure who addresses Rasta subject matter with keen wit and simple understanding. His cool voice and reasoned, humble delivery recall Bob Marley's most spiritual moments, and the instrumental backing offers concise, kicking punctuation. "I Like It" is one of the most beautiful songs ever written about the pleasures of reggae music.

Killer on the Rampage, Eddy Grant (Portrait B6R38554). Grant has quickly become one of the world's best-selling reggae artists on the strength of this album (which made the *top ten* on the U.S. *pop* charts!), and its hit single, "Electric Avenue," which owns the distinction of being the only reggae music the Orwellian culture-vultures at MTV have ever programmed in heavy rotation. Unfortunately, lovers and rockers will find Grant's musical approach a thin gruel that may well have sacrificed a bit too much to get Babylon acceptance. As a pop record, though, few could complain about the sing-along melodies and foot-patting rhythms that cover *Killer on the Rampage*. If all reggae performers took this direction it would be an out-and-out tragedy for the music, but as an aberration from the norm this makes for good listening.

The Chanting Dread Inna Fine Style, Big Youth (Heartbeat HB08). This is an anthologized collection of Big Youth's recent singles, which include backing tracks played by some of reggae's best players—Earl "Chinna" Smith, Augustus Pablo, Tony Chin, George "Fully" Fullwood, Carlton "Santa" Davis, backing vocals from Gregory Isaacs, Dennis Brown and the Heptones. Things get pretty hot on "Skyjuice," "African Daughter," "Dread Inna Babylon," "Jah Jah Shall Guide," "Jah Jah Golden Jubilee" and "Golden Dub."

Soothe Your Soul, Bankie Banx (Redemption RA 102). Where Eddy Grant's meta-reggae experiments go in the direction of rock and dance music, Bankie Banx is trying a style closer to folk music which makes *Soothe Your Soul* sound at times like a particularly soulful Cat Stevens record. His tribute to Bob Marley, "Remember Bob," leads off this heartfelt set in fine style, and the sophisticated playing on tracks like "Pour It All Out" and "Living It Up" show that Banx is capable of going in directions completely unrelated to reggae without compromising musicianship or a different kind of "roots." For all his dreadlocks and trappings of reggae, Banx is from the island of Anguilla off St. Martin, making his work more of a reggae offshoot than the mainline music.

Mama Africa, Peter Tosh (EMI America). Tosh's best album ever, and that's saying a lot, stays at a roots level of rhythmic intensity while embellishing the melodic lines with rich instrumental overlays. On songs like "Glasshouse" and the title track he manages to cut a smooth dance music groove without ever resorting to disco clichés or pandering to the audience. "Not Gonna Give It Up" is a well-crafted statement of political principles, while "Stop That Train" reclaims one of Tosh's best moments from the Wailers. The most amazing thing on the record is Tosh's adaption of the Chuck Berry classic "Johnny B. Goode." Cynics may laugh at the seemingly inappropriate match of '50s rock with reggae, but when you listen to the way Tosh updates Berry's character from the southern country boy to the Rasta hill dweller, the parallel makes perfect sense. Tosh has been making sense out of reggae while paying the music high tribute for years, and *Mama Africa* adds another line to the argument that he is reggae's greatest artist in the wake of Bob Marley's death. □

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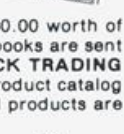
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FANNY & ALEXANDER & BURT & LONI & DAN & EDDIE & ...

Ingmar Bergman offers up his "last" movie; and Hollywood dishes out a sexy comedy, a lame-brained farce and a critical bomb that may well be a classic.

Fanny and Alexander (D/Sc: Ingmar Bergman. Cam: Sven Nykvist. With Jarl Kulle, Allan Edwall and Harriet Andersson)—is something of an event—the swan song of one of the century's greatest filmmakers, Ingmar Bergman. Bergman has already announced it as his last film, and though he's had a tendency throughout his career toward dolorous predictions (back in 1964 he said he'd make no more than "eight or ten" more films; since then he's made 16—including two six-part TV series: *Scenes from a Marriage* and *Face to Face*), there's every evidence inside the movie that this is what he *intends*. It is obviously a grand summation of his entire career, packed with speeches that come across as philosophical precises and last testaments—on theater, art, God, sex, madness and life. A dying theatrical manager soliloquizes on the stage; a rakish voluptuary lifts a toast to life; God announces himself behind a shadowy door and is revealed as a stern, white-bearded marionette. Everything about the movie has the aura of a "Last Word," a "Final Statement." (I suspect, though, that Bergman is—unconsciously—bluffing once again—he is only 65 and he is an obsessive worker.)

And, in many ways, *Fanny and Alexander* is an apt testament. Over three hours long, it is the most visually voluptuous, densely packed movie he has ever made. Set in 1906 it follows the misadventures of two children—"Fanny" and "Alexander"—who are exiled from Paradise and tumbled into Hell. Paradise is their family home: huge, rococo, crammed with furniture, *objets d'art*,

and servants, boisterous, roistering—a bourgeois palace of sex and sin and life.

We first see this home, ironically, on Christmas Eve—but what takes place during the first hour of *Fanny and Alexander* is more like an extended Pagan revel: jokes about farts and alcoholism; wild copulation in the servants' quarters. Then, suddenly, death strikes the household and the mother of Fanny and Alexander marries the town bishop—a murderous disciplinarian who exiles them all into a sterile, flavorless, puritanical nightmare. The *escape* of the children—through the machinations of a Jewish puppet maker, the ghost of their grandfather, a homosexual demon



Bertil Guve and Pernilla Allwin as Alexander and Fanny; Ewa Froling as their mother, Emilie.



Eddie, Jamie Lee and Dan; and we know what most of you are looking at...

and various other *deus ex machina*—makes up the film's gently mean but disturbing climax. At this point, *Fanny and Alexander* becomes a sort of odd mixture of Strindberg and Hans Christian Andersen: a philosophical (and slightly cruel) fairy tale.

The "home" sections of *Fanny and Alexander* resemble Bergman's two "carnal comedies"—*Smiles of a Summer Night* and *Now about These Women*—and they're better than both of them. They're rich, delicious, exuberant. Once we reach the bishopric, however, we are back in the gloomy, bone white, death-haunted territory that made Bergman the uncomfortable "pet" of intellectual critics everywhere: the wasteland of *The Seventh Seal*, of *Winter Light*, *The Silence*, *Persona* and *Shame*. The bishop is presented as purely evil, the negation of all life—and his household as a coven of sexless, or diseased, witches. Since we know that Bergman did not grow up in a home like the theater manager's—that, in fact, his father was a clergyman—we may get certain qualms about the hatred he lavishes on the bishop or the pitiless way he is finally destroyed. It is like a prodigal

child's ultimate revenge on his stern parent: a calculated blasphemy of a disbeliever who resents his religious youth.

Fanny and Alexander is disturbing in the way that all of Bergman is disturbing. It seems packed with neuroses, pain—and an emotional violence that almost splits through the skin.

Bergman obviously intended it not only as a grand summation, but as a lighter-hearted work, too, almost Felliniesque—but Bergman's comedies (with the exception of his Mozart transcription, *The Magic Flute*) have always been cruel; his bleakest movies (like *Winter Light* or *Scenes from a Marriage*), his most compassionate. *Fanny and Alexander* has one of the least convincing happy endings ever—and that may be the final, mocking, brutal point: that life never holds out the possibilities of such miraculous escapes, that happy endings belong only in fairy tales and operettas.

As filmmaking, *Fanny and Alexander* is consummate. The sets, the lighting, the images, the performances—the entire film is a symphony and a feast. The view may be bleak but the vision is a marvel. You won't see purer cinematography than Sven Nykvist's any-

where, or defter staging than Bergman's, or more intensely emotional performances than the entire cast's. Bergman's ability with actors seems almost supernatural, and it's a gift that has stayed with him to the end. *Fanny and Alexander* is a fitting last testament; but let's hope that it will also prove a false one.

Trading Places (D: John Landis. With Dan Aykroyd, Eddie Murphy, Jamie Lee Curtis and Ralph Bellamy)—is an enjoyably broad *Prince and the Pauper* sort of farce in which we watch the progressive humiliation of crack financial manager and stalwart WASP Louis Winthorpe III (Dan Aykroyd)—stripped of his job, credit cards, mansion and chic girlfriend, and forced into a life of penury and crime...and the progressive rise of Billy Ray Valentine (Eddie Murphy), a quick-witted ghetto hustler suddenly thrust into all of Winthorpe's old positions and habitats (save only his girlfriend's bed). The engineers of this curious reversal are Winthorpe's bosses, the Duke Brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche). The Dukes are debating nature versus nurture (or heredity ver-

sus environment), and have a one-dollar bet riding on everything. Since they are unscrupulous, slightly cracked and rich as Croesus, they are able to bribe and fix everyone and everything. Billy Ray is shoved into a fantasy of riches, prestige and power, while poor Winthorpe sinks into a nightmare of squalor and degradation.

Trading Places is the cleverest mainstream Hollywood comedy I've seen recently, the one that gave me the best time. Director John Landis (who, apropos of *The Twilight Zone* and Vic Morrow, recently went on trial for involuntary manslaughter) shows once again that he has real flair for low-life, raunchy, irreverent comedy in the Abbott and Costello-Three Stooges vein—and a near genius for casting and using his actors. Murphy and Aykroyd are near their peak; and Bellamy, Ameche and Denholm Elliott (as Winthorpe's butler) are good enough to recall their obvious archetypes—'30s screwball comedy experts Charlie Ruggles (the sly grandpa), Edward Everett Horton (the fussbudget) and Eric Blore (the epicene butler). About Jamie Lee Curtis, as Winthorpe's luscious savior, the whore-with-a-heart-of-gold, I can only say that she struck me, two other HIGH TIMES editors and apparently half the audience, nearly dumb with lust.

The movie is not as good as it could be (due mostly to the script), and the mindlessly happy ending leaves a lot of dangerous loose wires dangling. But, even if *Trading Places* welches on its premise—even if it ends up lamely toutting the same joys of the same wealth it's been ridiculing for most of its length—it still has a lot of sting in its slapstick. Perhaps Landis and Company—as beneficiaries of "The System"—have the same dilemma as most rich Hollywood iconoclasts: they went a little gun shy just when the target loomed the largest. They may get a lot of laughs biting the hand that feeds them, but they don't want to gnaw it off at the wrist.

Stroker Ace (D/Sc: Hal Needham. With Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Jim Nabors and Loni Anderson)—There are times in life when you have to bite the bullet and tell your best friend he's full of shit, and I think Burt Reynolds has reached that point with Hal Needham. How many high-octane turkeys do these two old roommates and buddies have to crank out together before one or the other of them realizes that the cream is beginning to curdle? After



Burt dons a chicken suit; Loni, Ned and Bubba eye his discomfiture.

their first joint outing—and their only good movie, *Smokey and the Bandit* (the memory of which probably keeps the fans coming and the grosses high)—they have produced a string of shtick (*Hooper*, *Smokey and the Bandit II*, *The Cannonball Run*) for which the phrase "idiot entertainment" would be a compliment—and only half right. The formula stays the same (save for the mildly better *Hooper*): car races, crashes, barroom cruising, tits, ass, a feisty heroine, good-old-boy villains, a campy sidekick for Burt, a few pro footballers and a country-and-western soundtrack—but it gets thinner and dimmer and dumber every time out. (Only Reynolds himself is always good.) The only things I found entertaining in *The Cannonball Run* were the precredits cartoon and the closing credit outtakes—in which the actors broke up and blew their lines. (Needham has used this finisher on his last three Reynolds movies, perhaps to show what a good time everybody was having, and "Fuck you if you didn't like it." Or perhaps to prove that however bad the movie *looked*, it could have been worse.) In their newest, *Stroker Ace*, there's no cartoon, and even the outtakes are dull. Besides which, the racing footage (hitherto a Needham specialty) keeps changing stock quality. And, listen, guys—I know you think critics are full of crappola (it's becoming increasingly obvious), but could you explain to me why in one scene *Stroker Ace* is a snappy wag who dashes off the line "Cartier of Caca," and in another he's a dumb shit who doesn't know the meaning of the word "scrotum"?

The Outsiders (D: Francis Ford Coppola. Sc: Kathleen Knutsen Rowell. With C. Thomas Howell, Matt Dillon, Diane Lane, Tom Waits)—Francis Coppola's *The Outsiders* follows the clash and conflicts of two teenage gangs in Tulsa, Oklahoma—the working-class "Greasers" and the bourgeois "Socs" (pronounced "Soashes")—with such an extravagantly epic and lyric style that some audiences are knocked off balance. (It's already garnered the worst notices of Coppola's career, barring only *One from the Heart*.) Taken from another lean, spare S.E. Hinton novel (written when she was 16), the movie consciously evokes that romantic, doom-soaked, teenage night of the soul we remember from Nicholas Ray's *Rebel without a Cause*: Like Ray, Coppola tends to see the kids as ideals: Rousseauian carriers of a purer, nobler, more beautiful lifestyle, heroic and funky. Van Morrison's "Gloria" pounds on the soundtrack like an insistent pop threnody; and the cast, especially Martin Sheen's son, Emilio Estevez; and sneering proto-hunk Matt Dillon (star now of three S.E. Hinton movies, including Disney's recent *Tex*, and Coppola's upcoming *Rumblefish*), all create ensemble vigor and punch. Ignore those horrendous notices; this is a much better movie than *Tex*. In fact, it's probably Coppola's most passionate to date (so passionate, in fact, that it often skirts the ridiculous: fiery sunsets, operatic death scenes, rapt Greasers quoting Robert Frost). It has the wild, feverish urgency of a leather *La Bohème*, sung with switchblades. □

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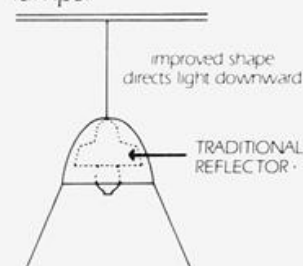
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ASK ED

/ continued from page 53

used solely for organic wastes and not for industrial pollutants or chemicals. Organic matter decomposes into harmless chemicals from which nature builds new life. But industrial chemicals may be very dangerous, take a long time to disintegrate and are frequently toxic.

Dear Ed:

I am confused by the various designs of light bulbs available. Glancing through HIGH TIMES, I see incandescent, fluorescent, high-pressure sodium and metal halides advertised.

What are the basic differences in these bulbs, and which design or combination of designs is best for indoor cultivation?

—M.W.

Houston, Tex.

Incandescent bulbs are the bulbs that we use in everyday life. They work by heating up the filament which then begins to glow. They have an efficiency of about 10 percent. This means that only a small fraction of the electricity input is made into light. The rest is converted to heat. These bulbs produce most of their light in the red and yellow bands in the spectrum. Incandescent "grow bulbs" filter the light so that less total light is emitted but in a more balanced spectrum—they are less effective than unfiltered bulbs.

High-wattage incandescent bulbs are more efficient and produce a more balanced light than low-wattage bulbs.

Fluorescent tubes work by shooting a stream of electrons through the cylindrical tube that is filled with an inert gas. The sides of the glass are coated with a "phosphor"—a substance that glows from the stream of highly charged electrons (high voltage) which a ballast (transformer) sends to the tube. Depending on the chemical makeup of the phosphor, the tube will emit varying spectrums of light. That is why "warm white," "daylight" and "cool white" emit different-colored lights. Fluorescent tubes are about three times as efficient as incandescent bulbs, and they convert about 30 percent of the electrical input into light.

Fluorescents come in various size tubes. Since there is a dead space of about six inches on either end of the tube, the longer fluorescents are more efficient and emit more light than the shorter ones. Standard fluorescents use about 10 watts of electricity per foot of



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length. There are also high-output (115 watts for an eight-foot tube) (HO), and very high output (225 watts for an eight-foot tube) (VHO), fluorescents that are not quite as efficient as regular fluorescents (about 25 percent efficiency), but emit more light because of the greater input.

Some fluorescent tube manufacturers produce a grow-light fluorescent, but these are coated with phosphors that are not very efficient and produce less total light and possibly less in their selected spectrums than ordinary tubes.

Metal halide, mercury vapors and sodium vapor lamps use high-voltage electricity emitted from a ballast to charge metal salt or sodium vapors which glow. Metal halides have an efficiency of about 40 percent. Sodium vapors have a slightly higher efficiency and mercury vapors a lower one. A stream of electrons pass through a tube filled with rare minerals which vaporize and then glow. Depending on the chemicals in the tubes, their spectrums will vary. Halides produce a blue-white light, similar to the eye to sunlight, and sodium vapors emit a pink-orange light.

Mercury halides and sodium vapor lamps have several advantages over fluorescents. They are easier to manipulate since there is only one lamp emitting the light. There is no need to play with bulky tubes or fixtures. Also, all the light comes from a point source rather than from a large area as with fluorescents. Plants seem to respond better to point sources of light.

Usually, metal halides are recommended as the best source of lighting for vegetative growth, and sodium vapors for flowering. I haven't found significant differences between the two as regards growth rates or flowering.

Once again I have received a couple of questions that have stumped me. Can any one of you answer them?

1.) What does vitamin B₁₂ do for plants; should I use it, and if so, how much?

—RCH
Wyo.

2.) Do you know anything about spraying young plants with ethyl [a plant hormone] to produce more female plants?

—TH
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Ed Rosenthal will attempt to answer any and all questions from serious-minded readers. Please address your queries to: "Ask Ed," HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60 St., New York, NY 10023.

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INTERVIEW

/ continued from page 61

find that the stuff is always exactly the same. Three-quarters of it comes from Pakistan, at the moment nothing from Turkey and one-quarter is coming from Thailand. The stuff from Thailand is always sold in southern Germany. The rest is covered by Pakistan.

If there are two many junkies in one place because the prices are too low, they raise it. They have a kind of sweeping system which works a bit like a fishnet, lowering and raising the prices, so they have in effect got the junkies under control. They know who is doing what, it's just controlled and repressed. They don't have room now in the jails. They are concentrating on building new prisons, and now they are cracking down on the pot-smokers. A junkie in jail is much more difficult to handle because first he has to go through withdrawal.

In German jails more than fifty

percent are there because of so-called drug or related offenses. But of major drug offenders, the percentage for hashish under one hundred grams and over one hundred grams is ninety-eight to two; they just bust the small ones.

Among the junkies who have it just for their personal use to those who have been dealing in higher quantities—let's say over fifty grams—it's 99.8 to 0.2. Perhaps that shows you something about police policies.

HIGH TIMES: That's even worse than it is here. The line here has always been more or less that the big rise in heroin addiction in Europe in the mid-'70s was simply that the European police just don't know how to bust for drugs.

BEHR: They know how to take the profits.

BEAL: Just to get off the subject of heroin for a moment—do you get any marijuana in Hamburg?

BEHR: At the moment, no. It's a pity. Sometimes a little African grass. The

Africans are not political partners of the United States. Usually we just get Red Lebanese... only what is coming via Israel, and twice a year we get Moroccan because Morocco can't pay its loans. It's a pity—

HIGH TIMES: Better than nothing, I suppose, though nothing beats the weed.

BEHR: Yes. We would highly appreciate it if the DEA would send us some American sinsemilla, but they just send us Paki smack. Unfortunately we are totally dependent on what the DEA and Germany Secret Services let in.

HIGH TIMES: That's terrible. What a bummer.

BEHR: We have never had the kind of liberty you have. □

NEXT MONTH:

Gerard Santi, publisher of *Viper*, on smack, coke and comix in France; Chris Fagan of the Legalise Cannabis Committee on the busting of *Fat Freddie's Cat* in Britain; and organizing the U.S. for pot reform, a la CAML.

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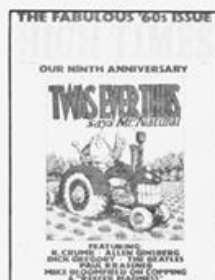
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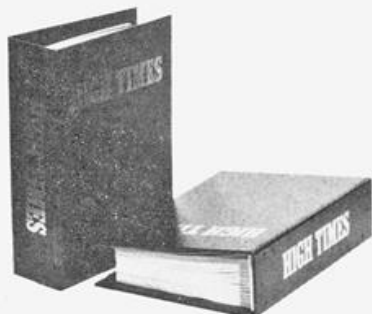


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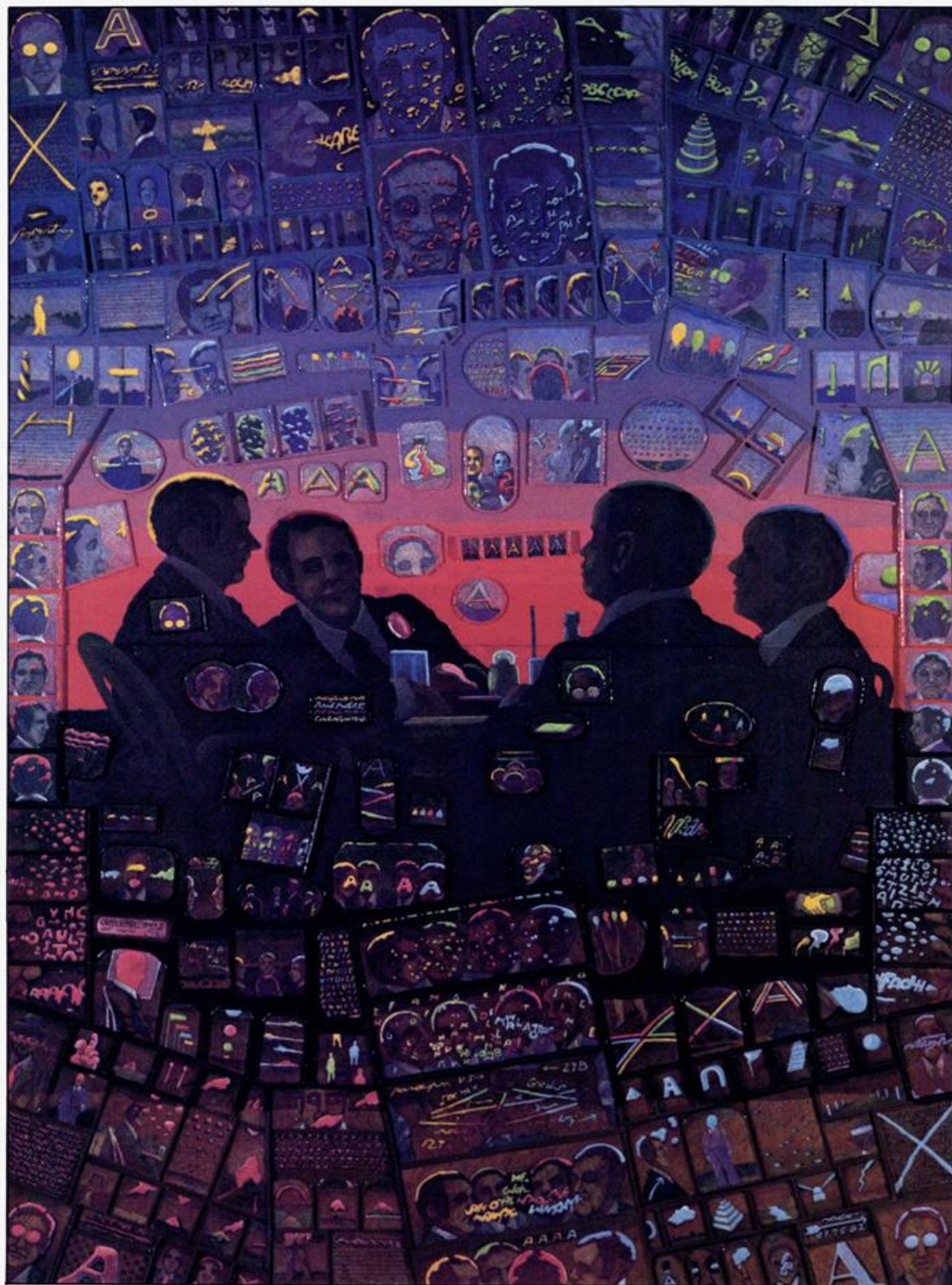
We will be living in the same world with peashooters for quite some time to come, obviously. Therefore, it behooves us to learn about them. In this monstrous article, I believe I've put down everything that's known about the accursed things, except (now that I think of it) for the very *latest* peashooter merchandising gimmick, in naked-lady magazines. Now they're being promoted as sex stimulants—"aphrodisiacs," forsooth—under such fucked-out old brand names as "Spanish Fly" and "Cantharides." I don't know what to say about that, except that PPA and caffeine are assuredly lots wholesomer and safer than *real* Spanish fly. For guys who think they need help with their moxie, peashooters are not going to work any better or worse than anything, else, short of True Love. □

Subscribe Now to High Times—see page 31.

HIGH TIMES 97

TALKIN' HEADS

Conversation #4 is the work of Jan Sawka, who also created the illustration on page 32. Sawka, a loquacious refugee from Poland, where freedom of speech hardly survives, is obsessed with the resonance of verbal interplay. He paints small images and assembles them on large canvasses into a riot of colloquy. Sawka says he tries to picture talk: "small talk... little lies... last angry exchange flirtation..."





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At \$137.50, its 8.1 cubic foot growing chambers deliver more grow power per dollar than anything on Earth. Until now you've been paying a lot—for a lot less. But rejoice. HYDRO-MAX's™ 8+ sq. ft. of growing surface and deep 12" growing chambers mean incredible results. Like tomato-laden monster plants in 7 weeks! (Seedlings shown at 1 week). Our \$87.50 HYDRO-MAX™ Quad Garden has 4 chambers for smaller spaces.

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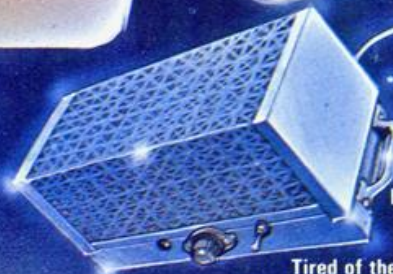


Your plants are fed by an *industrial* submersible pump. Each chamber uses gravel or lava rock for the growing medium (you supply... cost about \$1. per chamber). A 6 months' supply of the world's only *secret* nutrients assures your easy success. (Secret nutrient available separately at \$5 for 3 lbs.). ■ The HYDRO-MAX™ costs about what the parts alone would run you... but it's *much more*. ■ Why didn't anybody else do this? Don't worry—they will. ■ Before you buy that \$300-\$600 hydro system, remember the HYDRO-MAX™. Even at \$137.50, it's second to none.



SHOPPING HALIDES?

The SUPERNOVA™ (\$209.50) is the *ultimate*: we use low-noise, premium M-47 metal halide ballast. The massive chassis has heavy-duty handles, toggle switch, deluxe fuse-holder, pilot lite. Don't confuse the SUPERNOVA™ chassis with imitations. You don't get a little more... *you get a lot more*. Like built-in cooling fan with custom bracket. Components aren't just slapped in. They bolt to precision-threaded inserts. First class. For less! ■ The 20-foot heavy-duty 600 volt 3-conductor jacketed lamp cord is nearly indestructible and long. ■ The cast aluminum fixture, 20 amp ceramic socket and cast hook are fully grounded... professional. ■ Our compact low-mass reflector lowers heat concentration for faster growth. You really can't bet better performance. ■ Our Sylvania MS1000C 125,000 lumen, coated bulb was developed by Sylvania for THE LIGHT MACHINE. Other bulbs may be great for street lights. Ours is great for plants.



What about the L'L NOVA™? From \$167.50, same quality ballast, fixture, choice of lamps, power and lamp cords. Fully assembled in beautiful orange cabinet, but no separate chassis, fan, switch, fuse or handles. Growing performance is *identical*. The L'L NOVA™ is easily the best deal in a bargain halide. Same full warranty. Why pay more and get less? And why pay a little less and not get enough? ■ Tired of the halide-hydro "Bull Wars?" We are too! But we are the oldest existing and largest horticultural halide company in the world. We started this "lowest price for best equipment" deal because we like you. Before our SUPERNOVA™, you had to pay at least \$360 for a less expensively built unit! That wasn't fair, was it? So please, do yourself a service... think before you buy. You'll save big, get better equipment, fewer hassles and better results from the original value leaders.

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THE LIGHT MACHINE

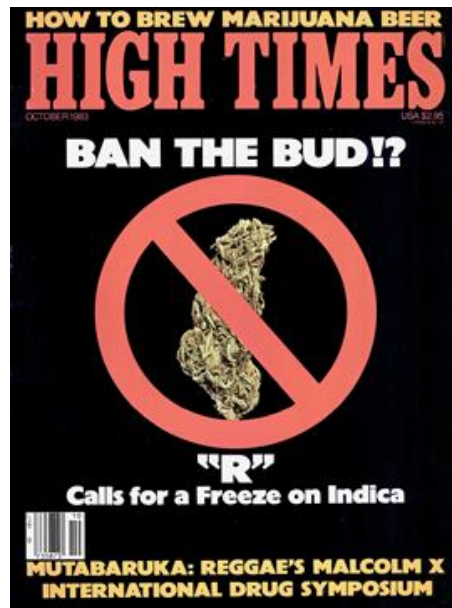
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High Times

OCTOBER 1983



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